Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 2, 1974 75 CENTS

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Introducing the 1975 Pontiac Grand Prix.

Like the Golden Bear, '75 Grand Prix has a style all its own.

With the look of a classic sport. The moves of a winner. And the performance of a professional.

Add even more punch to your driving. Make the tour in a 1975 Grand Prix SJ.

Or take a little country club home with you. With our luxurious new Grand Prix LJ.

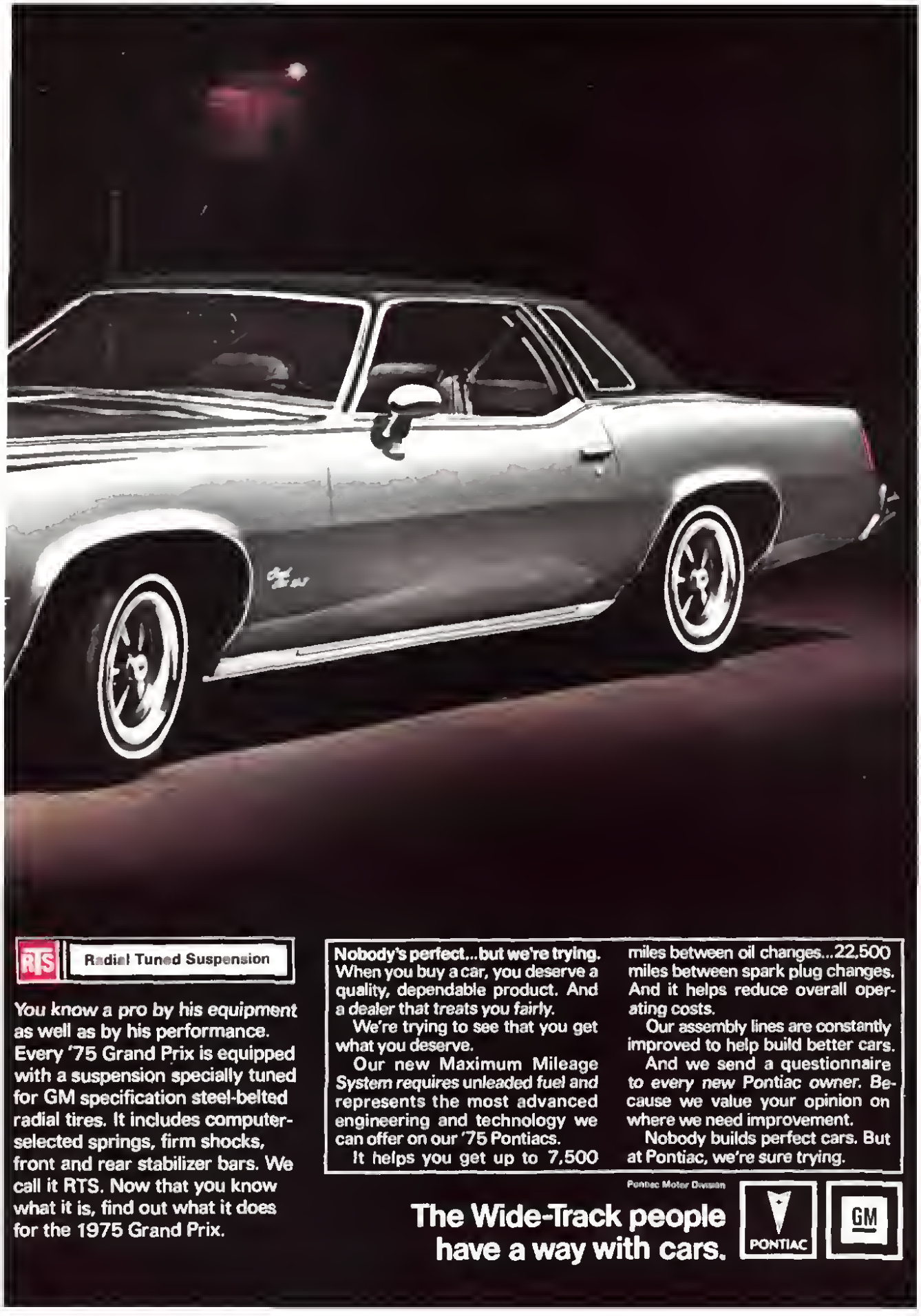
See, you can drive with the best. In our best. Any 1975 Pontiac Grand Prix.



Get a firm grip on Grand Prix SJ's custom cushion wheel. Settle back and check the rally instrumentation. Now you're ready to swing.



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You know a pro by his equipment as well as by his performance. Every '75 Grand Prix is equipped with a suspension specially tuned for GM specification steel-belted radial tires. It includes computer-selected springs, firm shocks, front and rear stabilizer bars. We call it RTS. Now that you know what it is, find out what it does for the 1975 Grand Prix.

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that wouldn't,



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The Brigade Shirt. The cut is French.
The reason for wearing it is very French.
Every Frenchman knows that a woman is just as interested in the shape of a man's body as he is in hers. So he wears shirts cut to show off his shape.
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So we created Brigade. Our French Collection of shirts. Slim. Trim. Higher armholes. Narrower sleeves. Adjustable cuffs.
Very elegant. Very sleek. Very European.
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No wonder American men look so good.
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WE WON!

It's official. The Environmental Protection Agency of the United States has proven once and for all that of all 1975 models tested,* Volkswagen averaged the best gas mileage.



*EPA Report September 1974 © Volkswagen of America Inc



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The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.



Tanqueray Gin. In the '74 Christmas Edition.
The gin, the finest in the world,
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Contents

DECEMBER 2, 1974 *Volume 41, No. 23*

Cover illustration by Robert Grossman

22 Still Alive and Kicking

Ohio State rallied on four field goals to nip Michigan 12–10 and the next day was again voted into the Rose Bowl

26 Paddling Out of the Country Club

Platform tennis has come down from its amateur perch in an attempt to attract the masses, and money

28 What the Raiders Have Is Genius

There's Big Boss Al Davis and Head Coach John Madden, so all the players have to be is good

College Basketball

34 *Bringing Back the Good Old Days*

36 *A Frame of Mind and Eye*

41 *The Wacky WAC*

46 *Scouting Reports*

87 The Sabres Slice 'em Up

On the surprising, NHL-leading Buffalo team, the no-names are as important as the glamour group

90 The World's Best

Bill Schaadt wields a fly rod for salmon and steelhead on the rivers of the West like no man alive

The departments

15 Scorecard

74 College Football

84 Pro Football

87 Hockey

107 For the Record

108 19th Hole













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Credits on page 107

Next week

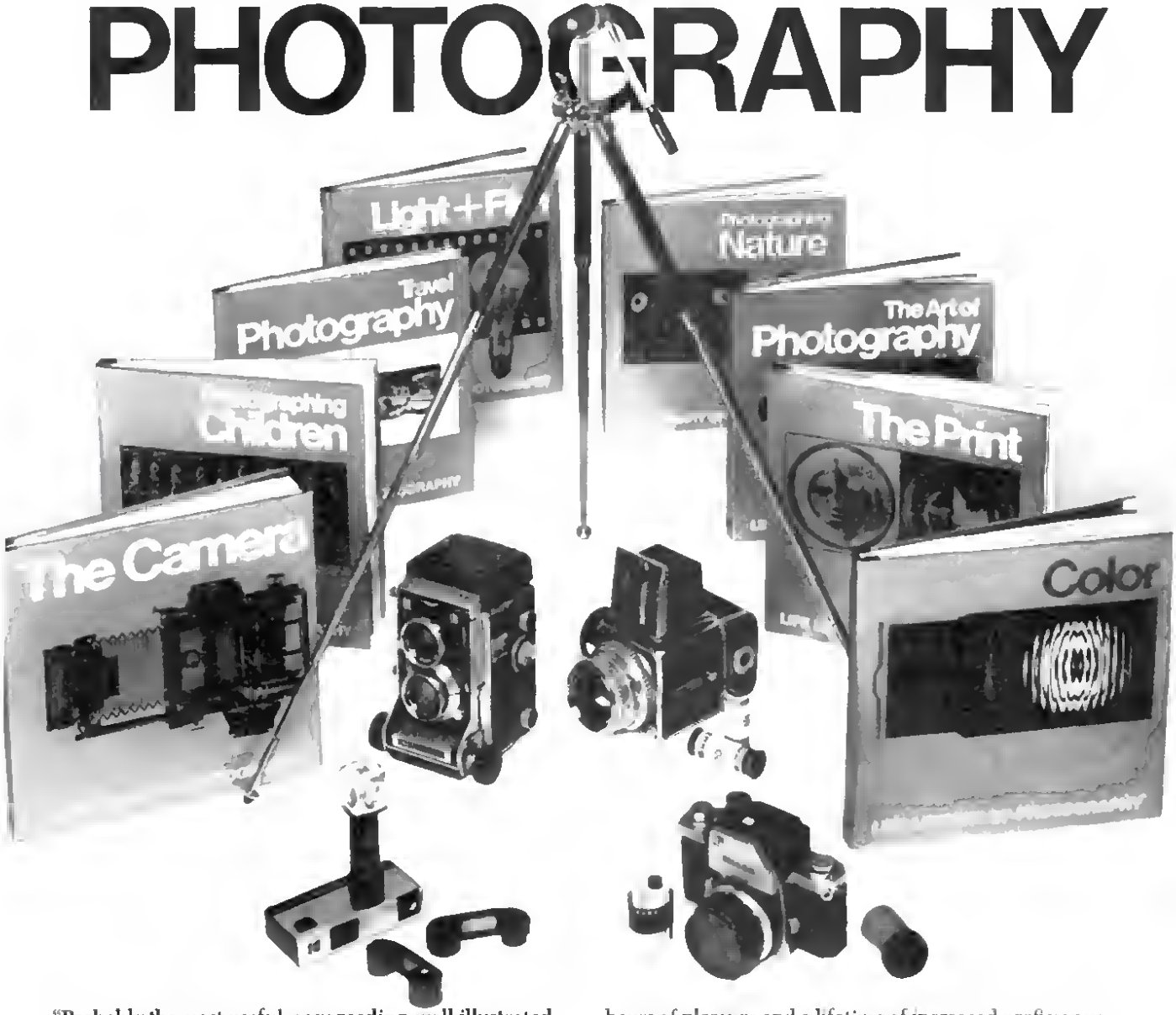
A BEAR HUNT takes place in Birmingham as Bryant and unbeaten Alabama try to cap the regular season by defeating rugged Auburn. Ray Kennedy covers the traditional fracas.

THE BIG MAN comes back, not a game too soon for the Milwaukee Bucks. Sure, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has been out, says Pat Putnam, but the team has some other problems, too.

WALTZING MATILDA was the most famous creation of Australia's Banjo Paterson, who was renowned as that country's favorite poet and was a fine rider and horse-racing journalist.

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Your cold. Your choice.



Give your cold to Contac.®

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

RINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR—AND REVELING IN ITS READING

Scads of books about sport have been published during 1974, and choosing among them for holiday gift-giving is no easy task. Here, in hopes of making things a bit less difficult, is a list of those of particular merit.

Babe, by Robert Creamer (Simon and Schuster, $9.95) The sports book of the year, and no doubt about it—one of those all too rare sports books that belong in the library of anyone interested in American life Creamer's biography of Babe Ruth is meticulous yet economical, elegantly and humorously written, a fully rounded portrait of an American legend. This is "popular" biography, and one can only wish that most "scholarly" biographies were so handsomely turned out.

Alive, by Piers Paul Read (Lippincott, $10). This account of how several members of a Uruguayan rugby team survived after their plane crashed in the Andes is another rarity—a best-seller that genuinely deserves its success Read, a British novelist, tells the story (which involves, among other things, cannibalism) with candor and quiet force. What emerges is a testament of human courage, forbearance and faith.

About Three Bricks Shy of a Load, by Roy Blount Jr. (Little, Brown, $8.95). Probably the best pro football book since *Paper Lion*. The author spent the 1973 season with the Pittsburgh Steelers, a season that turned out badly for the team but beautifully for the writer Blount is a funny, perceptive journalist, but he does not intrude gratuitously on his story His sympathies, incidentally, are far more with the players than the coaches

The Good Old Boys, by Paul Hemphill (Simon and Schuster, $7.95). About a third of the pieces in this collection deal directly with sports; all deal, in one way or another, with the gradual disappearance of the Southern "Good Old Boy." Hemphill does not wax sentimental about the breed—he readily acknowledges the good old boys' many and considerable faults—but he describes its decline with affection and a sense of loss.

Hangin' Out: City Kids, City Games, by James Wagenvoord (Lippincott, $5.95). This is a lovely book, a depiction in the author's words and photographs of the games city children play. Most of the kids photographed live in the New York slums, one comes away from the book with a powerful appreciation of the resources with which children make the best of a tough situation.

Henry and Other Heroes, by Ezra Bowen

(Little, Brown, $6.95). Bowen's childhood was another matter altogether: he grew up within Philadelphia's formidable Drinker family. This is his memoir, devoted in large measure to his long struggle to be an athlete though he was not fated to be one. But it is more than that—it is also a funny and poignant account of his disenchantment upon reaching the exalted status of adulthood.

A Long Way, Baby, by Grace Lichtenstein (Morrow, $6.95). This is a chatty, gossipy and thoroughly entertaining look at life on the women's pro tennis tour. Lichtenstein, a skillful reporter, provides cameos of almost every woman tennis player around, and she also sketches in the story of how the women's tour struggled to its present high status. There is more candor here than some players will like, but readers will delight in it.

Mountain Spirits, by Joseph Earl Dabney (Scribner's, $8.95). The subtitle would fill this whole paragraph; suffice it to say that the book is an engaging history of corn whiskey. The moonshiners eventually gave birth to today's stock-car racers, and fans of that sport are sure to enjoy Dabney's lively story. So, too, will readers whose favorite sport is elbow bending.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, by Annie Dillard (Harper's Magazine Press, $7.95). If you like *nature writing that is cuddly and cute, you* will not like *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. If, on the other hand, you admire writing that views nature with both awe and honesty, this is for you. Dillard is no mean stylist, and she brings all of her substantial gifts to bear on what she sees in and around the creek near her Virginia mountain home.

Birding from a Tractor Seat, by Charles T. Flugum (Order from the author at Box 30038, St. Paul, Minn. 55175; $8.95). This privately published collection of essays by a lifelong bird watcher is an unexpected gem and a fine complement to the Dillard book. Flugum misses nothing as he works his farm, and he writes about everything with love and understanding.

Ansel Adams. Images 1923-1974, by Ansel Adams (New York Graphic Society, $65 until Dec. 31, $75 thereafter). The only "gift book" on this list, but an extraordinary book by any reckoning. Adams is generally recognized as our leading nature photographer; this is the record of his half-century's work. The mountain photograph spread across the endpapers took my breath away, and so did the others inside. Through his lens, Adams possesses the world he photographs.

For the book industry, incidentally, the next three weeks are the busiest and most critical of the year. Books are a major item in last-minute pre-Christmas buying, and how many titles are sold goes a long way toward determining the industry's annual profit and loss figures. If impulse leads you to any of the titles on this list, you won't go wrong, and no doubt an industry in serious financial straits will be grateful. **END**



KODAK TALKIES FOR CHRISTMAS. THE REASON IS SOUND.

Christmas is always a good time to think about a movie camera. But, this Christmas it's a better time than ever because now there are three Kodak Ektasound movie cameras designed to make sound movies simple for you to take. Just drop in the film, plug in the mike, and you'll be making your own Christmas Talkies. Indoors and out—without movie lights.

Sound cameras start from less than $190. The new Ektasound 160 camera featuring power zoom and rangefinder (shown above) is less than $399. Model 245 projector shown with sound-on-sound capability, less than $300. Go feast your eyes and your ears at your photo dealer's.

Prices are subject to change without notice

Watch the Kodak All-America Team Football Special, CBS, Sat., Dec. 14, 6:30-7 pm (EST)

KODAK EKTASOUND MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS FOR YOUR FAMILY TREE.

After going 212 m.p.h., he's not about to smoke a boring cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich...always smooth...always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

"Businessman, doctor or astronaut, we all need expert guidance in planning our financial security."

Jim Lovell, Astronaut.



With all he had to learn to fly to the moon twice, Jim Lovell is still quick to admit the need for expert guidance in other things.

And that includes planning for his financial security—today both as a family man and as a businessman.

Fortunately today, there is someone especially well qualified to give you this expert guidance.

Your Mutual Benefit representative.

He can help you no matter what form your desire for financial security takes. As a family man. As an incorporated professional. As a businessman requiring group life and health, pension or employee benefit plans.

Over the years, Mutual Benefit has earned a reputation for the quality of its policies, prompt payments and remarkable lack of red tape. The kind of service that has made it a favorite of accountants, lawyers, bankers—the financial professionals all over town.

So for expert guidance, talk to your Mutual Benefit representative. He can help.

Take it from Jim Lovell.

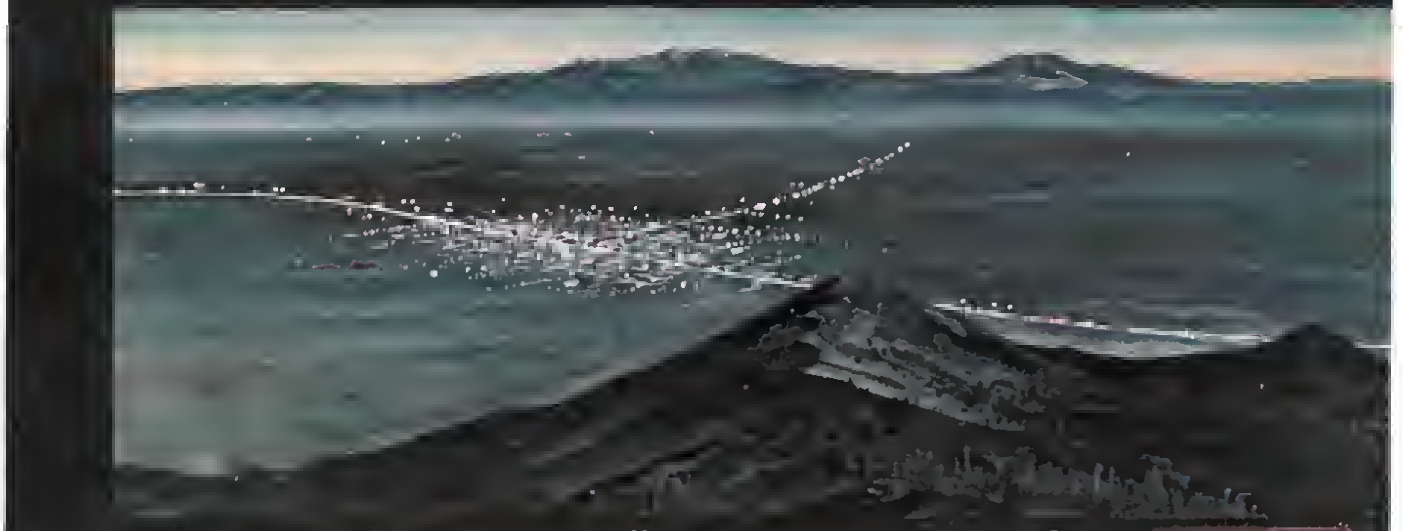
MUTUAL BENEFIT

You take care of today.
We'll take care of tomorrow.

CH1



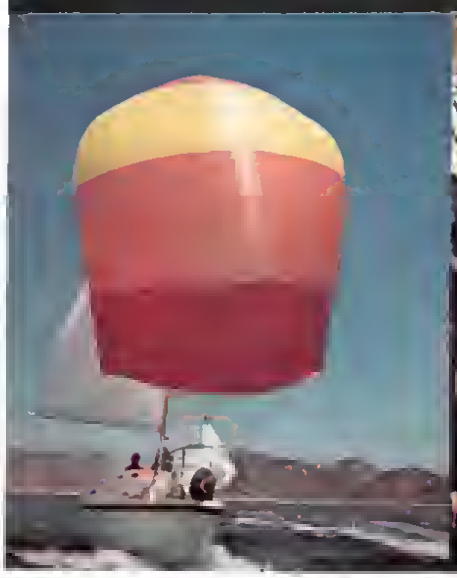
LOOK WHAT WE DID IN THE DESERT...



Kit Carson was Las Vegas' first tourist. He rode into our desert valley in 1844, stayed only a few days, and we frankly must admit he complained about his accommodations. Today, however, we offer the finest rooms and service as well as the most spectacular stage entertainment. From the snow cap on Mt. Charleston, to golf caps on the green, to the white caps on Lake Mead, outdoor sports is an every season attraction. Las Vegas is a romantic desert oasis designed to delight every sheik or she. We put a gleam in your eye and a sunny glow on your face . . . you do the rest. *Ask any travel agent.*

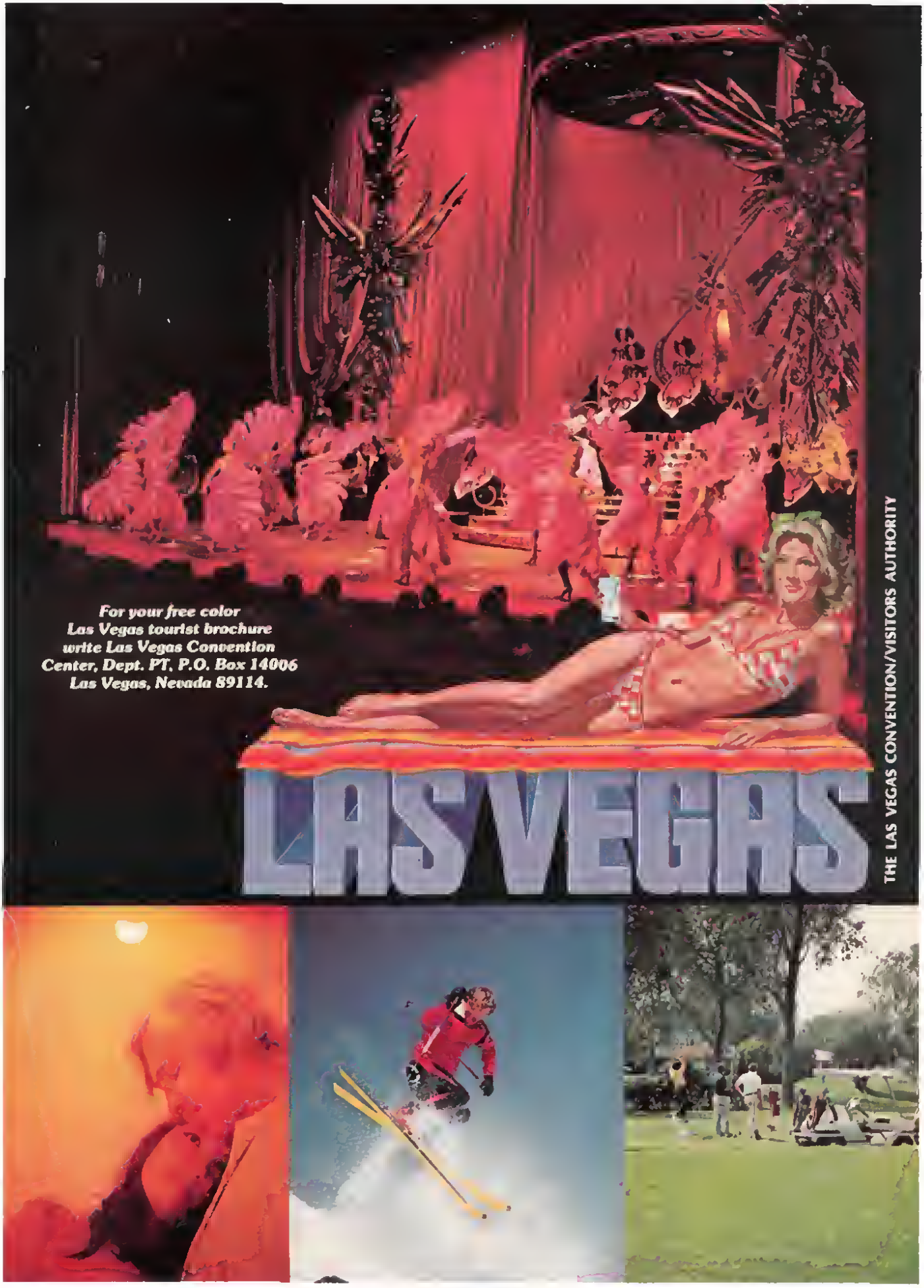


LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO IN THE DESERT.








For your free color
Las Vegas tourist brochure
write Las Vegas Convention
Center, Dept. PT, P.O. Box 14006
Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.
LAS VEGAS
THE LAS VEGAS CONVENTION/VISITORS AUTHORITY

How many of these people should you surprise with Cutty this Christmas?

Your barber, who doesn't talk you to death.

Your broker, who saved you a small fortune by saying "sell."

The gas station guy who saved you during the shortage.

The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."

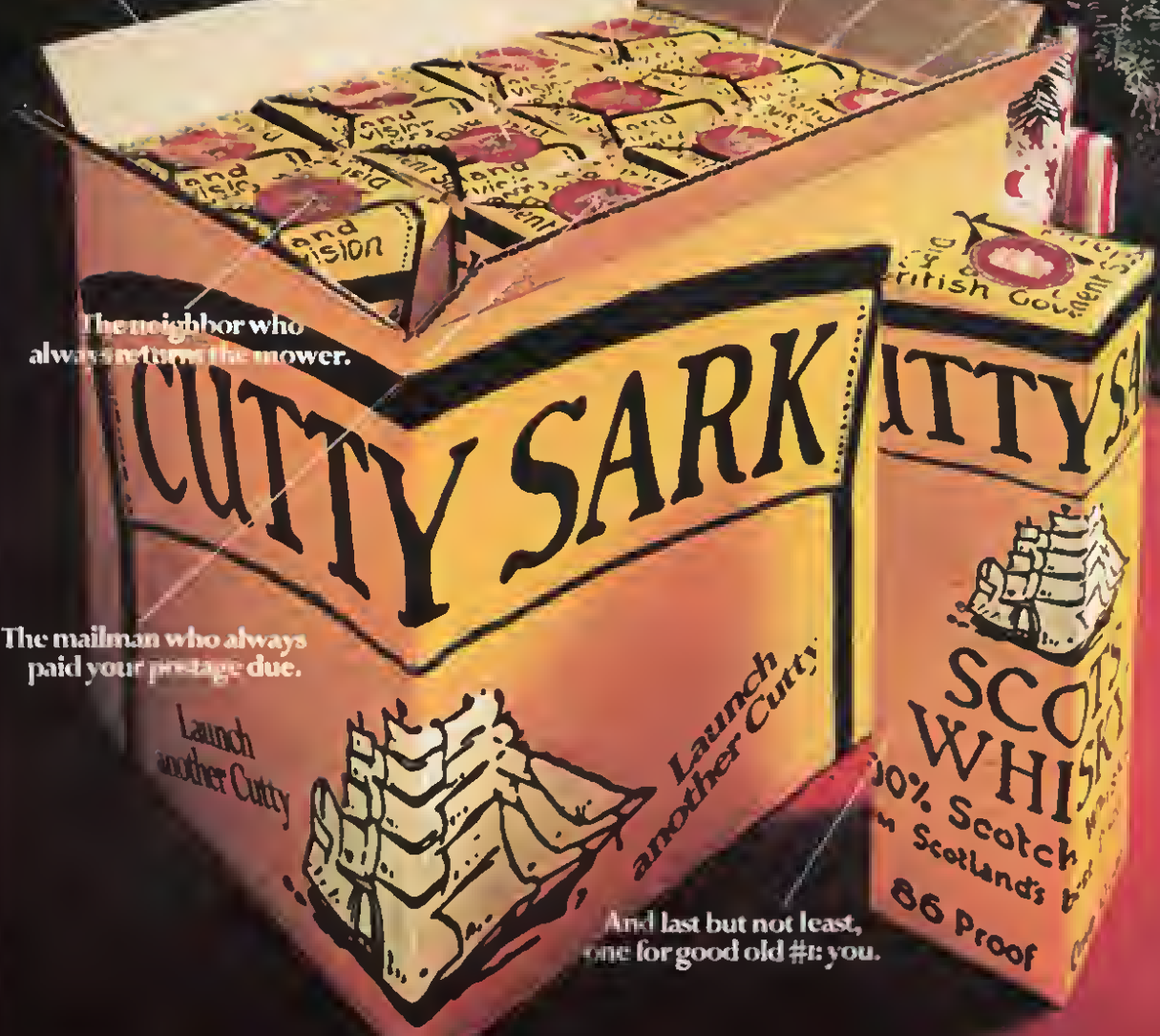
The accountant who caught that $300 mistake—in your favor.

The doctor in town who still makes house calls.

Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.

That golf pro who cured your slice.

That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.



The neighbor who always returns the mower.

The mailman who always paid your postage due.

And last but not least, one for good old #1: you.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

SAYONARA NAGASHIMA-SAN

He stood there before his last game on his home ground in Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium, trying to speak. Instead, he burst into tears. There were many in the crowd of 50,000 who cried too, a phenomenon almost unknown in a land where, traditionally, emotion is frowned upon.

Gracefully, as one Japanese sports daily put it, he agreed to accompany the N.Y. Mets tour as a player for the Japanese side. The thunderous applause the Mets heard wherever they went was as much a *sayonara* (goodby) to him as a polite *konnichi wa* (good day) for the Mets.

The recipient of all this adulation was not Sadaharu Oh, the home run hitter whose name is becoming almost as well known on this side of the Pacific as in Japan, but Shigeo Nagashima. In 17 years with the Tokyo Giants, Nagashima came to be regarded as a Ruth, Gehrig and Cobb wrapped in one. Better, one Japanese wrote, he was "a samurai in the ball game."

There was nothing mystical about Nagashima's play. Like Brooks Robinson, he caught almost everything hit near him at third and had a lightning toss to Oh at first. At 5' 10" and 171 pounds an exact physical duplicate of Oh, he finished out his career with a .305 lifetime average and 444 home runs. He was the Central League's most valuable player five times, its leading batter six and its home run king twice. But it was his knack of hitting with men on base in the late innings that was most impressive. Time and again, for example, it was Nagashima's key hit that embarrassed the Mets and drove the crowds wild. Japanese teams had their best showing ever against visiting Americans, winning seven of 18, tying two.

At 38, Nagashima will now manage the Giants, a fact that Japanese find symbolic. Loyal samurai never change their allegiance. If his club should ever have a bad season—unthinkable in recent history—Nagashima will probably follow his accustomed course after an off year. He will disappear into the hills at the foot of Mount Fuji and rejuvenate body and spirit by running mile upon mile, day after cold day. Of such are Japanese legends made.

OVEREXPOSURE

The situation called for immediate, if not radical, measures. Not only did nobody come out to watch Greenwich (Conn.) High's cross-country team—one of the five best in the state these past few years—the runners were not even invited to the school's annual fall sports rally. Three of them decided they would show GHS a thing or two. They ran without their pants. Got good publicity, too. They were suspended for the next meet.

HEAR! HEAR!

For more than two years England's Football Association has been hacking away at a jungle of rules and procedures hoping to find a path into open soccer. It has succeeded so far only in miring the Rothmans Ismian League in quicksand.

Eager to dump the burden of shamateurism and hypocrisy, 16 of the 40 RIL amateur clubs, anticipating that the association would soon pass an open soccer rule, went professional—and just about broke. The other teams remained amateur, and profited by attracting the best players, who preferred their old "money-in-the-boot" payments—which go unrecorded and untaxed—to cash on the barrelhead. Some amateurs reportedly make £40 a match.

After the professional Hendon and Walton clubs lost almost all their first-stringers to other teams, RIL Chairman Barry East was furious. "What has happened is immoral," he said. "The honest clubs are paying a frightful penalty." East promised he would be merciless once all the RIL was professional and the players were trying to jump back to their old teams. "These amateur clubs better not turn to me for protection on the movement of players," he said. "They can stew in their own juice." The words must have sent shivers through the shamateurs.

THAT WAS NO BIRD

We have been holding this report on the Evel Knievel syndrome until Walter Cornelius had his try at the River Nene in Peterborough, England, but something tells us old Cornelius never is going to go and maybe that is just as well.

Cornelius' excuse now is that he is too heavy. The 54-year-old swimming pool attendant is trying to lose a stone or two before getting himself into the huge slingshot that will wing him 50 yards to the other side of the Nene. Earlier this year he tried to fly across the river from the roof of a supermarket in



a Batman suit with wings, missed and plunged straight into the water. He will have the wings again, he says, "but this time I shall have more propulsion. If I can get 20 men to hold me in the catapult and stretch the elastic, that should be enough to launch me to the far bank. I am convinced my idea will make Knievel's stunt look like a Sunday afternoon outing."

This fall the world was full of people, most of them small boys on bikes, who were determined to equal the great Snake Canyon fizzle. Most succeeded. Our two favorites:

Evel Kohicken (that's his name, rhymes with No Chicken) dressed as a rooster and set out in a pedal-powered

continued

Announcing something you may not want to hear. At first.

A candid message from the president of Employers Insurance of Wausau — the company that knows how to help you *earn* favorable rates for your business insurance.



Few need to be reminded that you can't get something for nothing. Yet, even today with the reality of inflation, some sellers and buyers of business insurance seem to be chasing that will-o'-the-wisp.

It's a futile chase. Sellers who offer an unrealistic price are deluding their buyers. Buyers who believe them are deluding themselves. There is only one way for a business to keep its insurance costs down: by keeping its loss experience down. And the way to keep losses down is to go into partnership with an insurance company that knows how its done.

Bad news and good news.

The costs of making good every kind of loss against which your firm is insured are skyrocketing. Medical and hospital fees, repair bills, construction costs, court and jury awards, inventory and equipment replacement—all are in the tight grip of inflation.

This is why my message to all buyers of business insurance must be that our prices—like those of your other suppliers—are going up. If we lose business because of justified price increases, we'll have to *live with it.* What we *can't live with* are prices that won't support the kind of protection, the kind of quality service we offer—and you expect of us.

But once you accept the fact that the way to control your insurance costs is to control your insured exposures, *there's a silver lining*- an advantage you don't have with many of your other operating costs.

You still have an influence on insurance costs.

There's not much you can do about your taxes, rents, transportation costs, or the prices of raw materials. But the cost of your business insurance is still *largely within your control.* Soaring medical costs won't affect you if your business operations *don't* put people in hospitals. You're immune to the inflated price for repair or replacement of property that *isn't* damaged, destroyed or stolen.

Our position. And our proposal.

We don't want just policyholders. We want *partners* in the accomplishment of what we do best—keeping insurance costs as low as possible by keeping losses as low as possible. Our prices will be realistic and competitive. But we will not sell at rates that won't let us hold up our end of the partnership. We will not reduce our services to meet competitors' pricing. Over the years we have built and maintained a top quality servicing organization. We're going to keep right on building it.

We're not looking for anything more than the *right* price—and we pledge all our resources to help our policyholders keep that as low as possible.

That's the Wausau Story. Realistic. Candid.

C F Schlueter
PRESIDENT

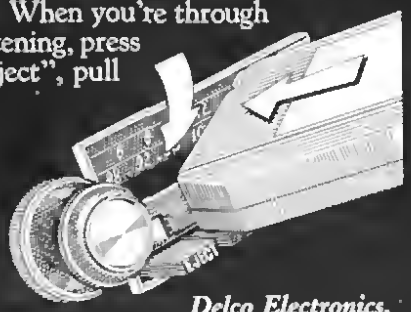


EMPLOYERS INSURANCE OF WAUSAU Wausau, Wisconsin

One of the beautiful things about a Delco stereo tape deck is it's out of sight until you're ready to use it.

Then simply insert a tape cartridge through the radio dial. Presto! Your favorite music in Delco's sensational 8-track stereo sound.

When you're through listening, press "Eject", pull out the tape, and the large, full-size, easy-to-read radio dial reappears.



Delco sound systems are *built to the quality* standards of the people who build Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Cadillac passenger cars, as well as Chevrolet and GMC trucks.

Two good examples of the quality built into Delco's disappearing 8-track stereo tape deck are dual drive belts and a heavy flywheel, which diminish "wow" and "flutter". The result is sensational sound.

When ordering your new GM car, let your dealer know you want to order a Delco AM or AM/FM stereo radio with a disappearing tape deck. Insist on Delco. It's the sound choice in stereo listening pleasure.

Delco Electronics

Division of General Motors

Delco Electronics.
The sound of General Motors.

Delco stereo tape decks are out of sight.



*Check your dealer for specific Delco radio availability by car model. Shown here: Pontiac AM/FM stereo with stereo tape deck.

Before you buy any new small car, compare it to the new Olds Omega.



It's a lot of little Oldsmobile.

GM

Compare room and comfort

Omega is a small car with 6-people room and a 6-people ride. Room and ride are two places where Olds big-car thinking shows.

Omega has ample shoulder room and hiproom, front and rear. Up front, its headroom is equal to some *full-size* cars, and there's almost as much legroom.

And for riding comfort, no compact has a wheelbase longer than Omega's 111 inches, or a wider front track. Which gives you a big foundation for a smooth, quiet ride.

Yet Omega still has the easy maneuverability and responsive handling you want in a small car—a fact you'll appreciate in city traffic and tight parking spots.

That's why a complete comparison should include a thorough test-drive of every small car you're considering.

Compare operating economy

According to published EPA test results, Omega with a standard 250 Six got 21 mpg/highway, 16 mpg/city. With 350 V8 (2 bbl carburetor)—19 mpg/highway, 14 mpg/city, significantly better than last year.

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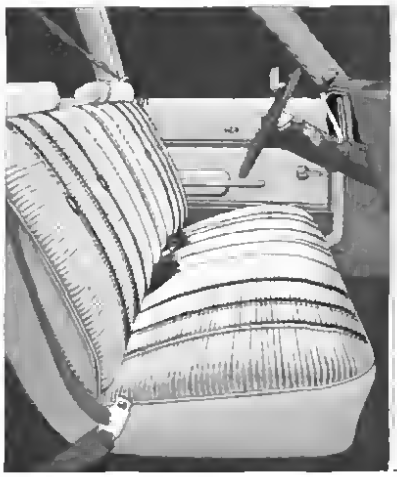
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"sky cycle" at Spring Hill, Fla. to cross Lake Hunter. About halfway out he suffered a loss of pedal power. Two frogmen had to pluck him from the lake.

Gary Erdelen of Kennewick, Wash. practiced all day for a ramp-to-ramp jump of 60 feet on a motorcycle at the Tri City Speedway in Richland. Next day, disaster. With exquisite timing, the cycle ran out of gas as Erdelen roared up the takeoff ramp. Seems he forgot to fill the cycle's tank after all that practice. The cost of that lapse: two broken legs, broken pelvis, various internal injuries and $5,000 to $7,000 in hospital bills. Erdelen's share of the gate came to $400.

Puts us in mind of the latest Evel Knievel joke (yes, unfortunately, there are those), the Evel Knievel Drink. Pour yourself a glass of champagne, toast yourself, drink, set the glass down—and throw yourself against the fireplace. Well, it's as sensible as all those harebrained stunts, and probably safer.

LONG TIME NO ZEE

That arbiter of barroom arguments, the *Guinness Book of World Records*, takes a header when it comes to the origin of ice hockey, claims Donald W. Friedman, director of the office of public information at the University of Connecticut. The book puts the first pictorial evidence of the game in Holland "as early as 1600 A.D." Too late, says Friedman, who spotted a Dutch lad slapping a shot past a sprawled goalie in the background of an etching by Frans Huys that is part of the college museum's current exhibition, "Antwerp's Golden Age." The etching's date: between 1558 and 1561.

A SORE TOPIC GETS SORER

It is still illegal to sore the forelegs or feet of the Tennessee Walking Horse by use of irritants—the cruel practice causes the animals to pick up their hoofs in a judge-pleasing, high-stepping gait—but new regulations issued by the Department of Agriculture last year make it "virtually impossible" to prosecute cases involving soring. That is the lamentable conclusion of Thomas F. Turley Jr. of the U.S. Attorney's office in Memphis after all but one of 33 indictments returned by a federal grand jury in July, 1973 against owners, trainers and exhibitors at the Cotton Carnival Horse Show were dismissed this fall.

The regulations stem from tests conducted jointly by a branch of the agency and representatives of the walking horse fraternity. Said the department, "The test found that horses, much like humans, exhibit varying degrees of sensitivity—that devices that might harm one horse would not necessarily harm another." It concluded: "The responsibility for adapting a particular device to an individual horse should rest with the trainer of each horse. Trainers certainly should know when a horse is sore and what made the horse sore."

The logic is impeccable. The man who beats his wife should be the judge of whether she is hurt or not, since some women can absorb more punishment than others, a nicety that only an expert wife-beater can discern.

Fortunately, women can and do speak up for themselves these days. Since horses cannot, a suggestion to Agriculture: write new regulations that put responsibility for policing the systematic torture of the walking horse back where it was previously and where it belongs, on department veterinarians or inspectors, or stand accused as an equal partner in equine crime.

SOUP FOR NUTS

At this season of Thanksgiving it is perhaps fitting to give thanks once more for that mouth-watering book *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, and its feast of nicknames of major league players. A menu drawn from its pages might well feature the traditional Turkey (Tyson), but it also could include Ham (Hyatt), Goose (Goslin), Chicken (Hawkes), Rabbit (Maranville), Ribs (Raney) and Possum (Whitted). For diners on a budget, there are Stew (Bowers) and Sweethreads (Bailey). Seafood lovers could choose Shad (Barry), Snapper (Kennedy) or Catfish (Hunter), starting off with an Oyster (Burns) or six. Soup (Campbell) would have its place on any table, and it would be appropriate to wolf down a Cuke (Barrows), Spud (Chandler) or Yam (Yaryan), taking care to save room for Pickles (Dillhoefer), Noodles (Hahn), or even Chile (Gomez).

Sips of a Highball (Wilson) might precede the meal for many, but for beer drinkers there would be both Bock (Baker) and regular Suds (Sutherland), and for teetotalers a variety of Ade (Garrett) and Juice (Latham). A little cream Sherry (Robertson) would go down smoothly, after one indulged in a Cookie (Lavagetto), some Peaches (O'Neill) or Pie (Traynor), got the jaws working on some Taffy (Wright) or other Candy (Cummings) and stirred Sugar (Cain) into a cup of coffee. Anyone nursing another Highball or Bock into the evening would naturally have a few Pretzels (Pezzullo) or Peanuts (Lowrey).

POLLY-PHONY

The problem seemed insoluble. Airline ticket agents at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Atlanta were being cut off three or four times in the course of a single conversation. Even the birds in the lobby cocktail lounge—two scarlet macaws, one Mexican double-yellow-headed parrot and one Mexican red-headed parrot—seemed irate, screeching their silly heads off. The birds? Come to think of it, the lines went out every time one of them let out a yawp.

Communications Director Bob DeLoach finally figured out that the birds' calls were on the same frequency as a signal that instructed the computing equipment to disconnect the line, register the amount of time it was in use and make a record for billing (no pun there). DeLoach got the better of the fine feathered fiends by installing noise-canceling microphones, but that did not answer the question of why the birds were so querulous. The bartender knew. People in the lounge fed them cherries and fruit from their drinks and—there really is no delicate way to put this—they were constantly smashed.

THEY SAID IT

- Harold Ballard, owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs, on the timid approach his disappointing team has displayed so far this season: "You could send Inge Hammarstrom into the corner with six eggs in his pocket and he wouldn't break any of them."
- Joyce McGonnigal, of Johns Hopkins, on the type of audience attracted by women's sports: "Usually boyfriends, lovers and other strangers."
- Field Scovell, chairman of the Cotton Bowl selection committee, on Bear Bryant's credibility: "If Bear tells me it's raining, I don't look out to see. I go get an umbrella."
- Steve Carlton, Phillies pitcher, on the trades that sent three of the National League's leading sluggers to the American League: "No more Hank Aaron, Billy Williams or Bobby Bonds. I like that."

END

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F Bb F

J & B J & B Rare Scotch all the way

Gm C7 F G7 C7

Oh what fun it is to give J & B Christ-mas Da - ay.

F

J & B J & B

Gm C7 F

Oh how good it is to get

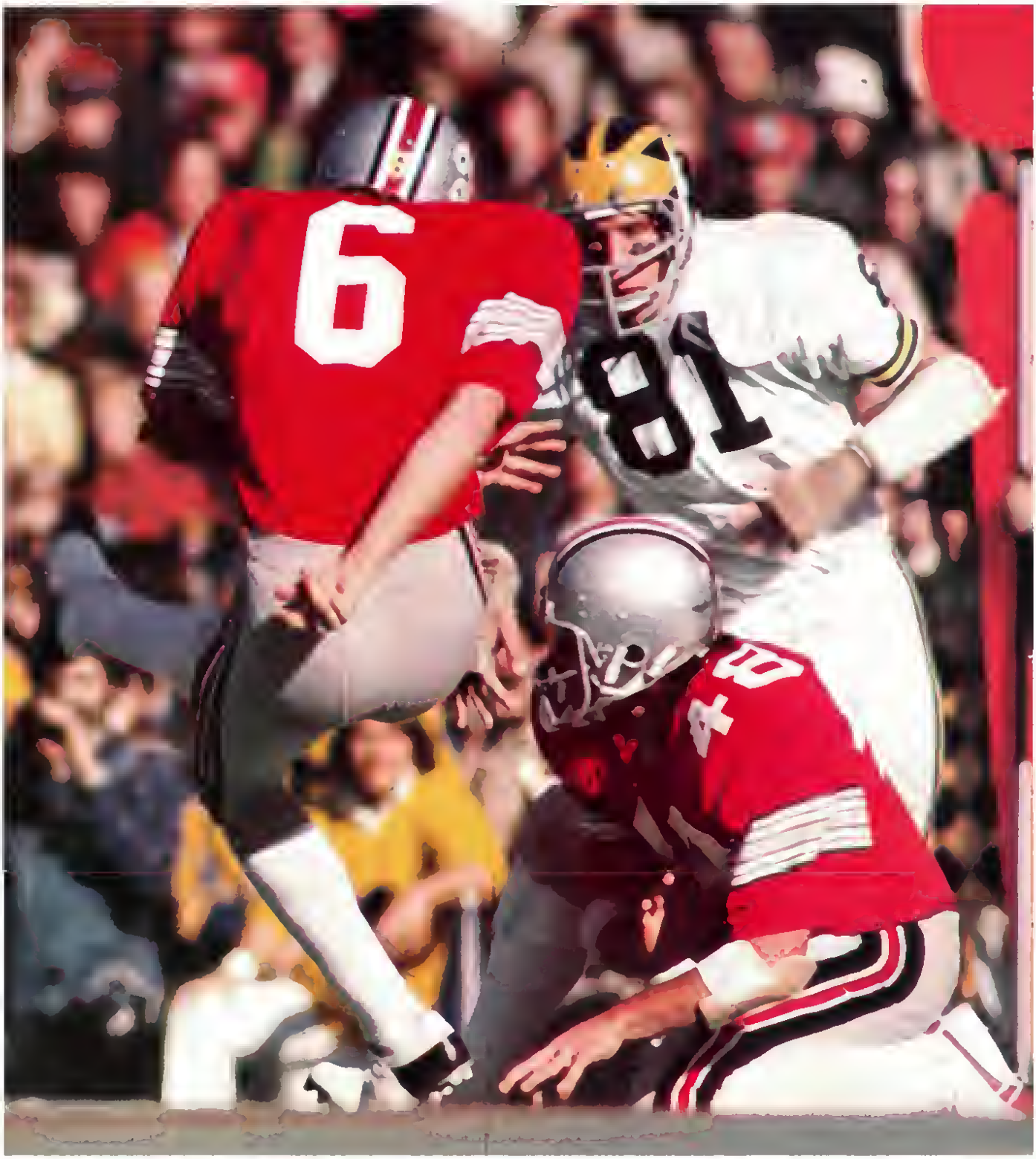


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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 2, 1974

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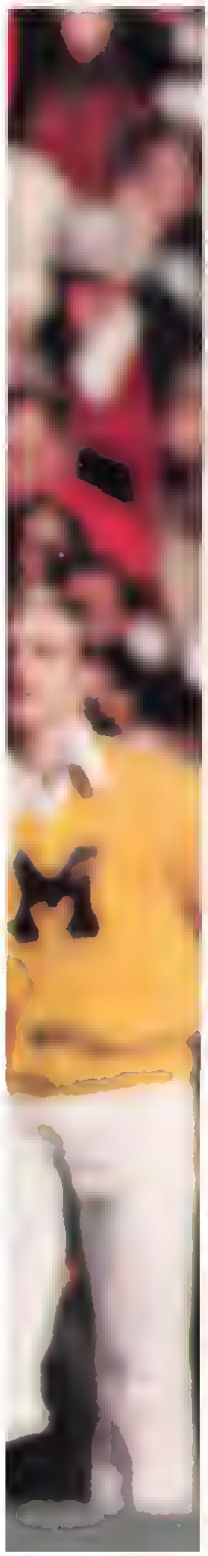


KICKING

Ohio State spotted Michigan an early lead, then rallied with four field goals to win. The next day in a heated meeting of Big Ten athletic directors, the Buckeyes got the Rose Bowl nod

by RAY KENNEDY

Four times Tom Kleban swung his powerful right leg at the ball, and four times the result was written on his face as he trotted off the field.





CONTINUED

If there was ever any doubt about it, the preternatural goings on in Columbus, Ohio last week proved once and for all that Woody Hayes is indeed a soothsayer in baggy pants. Invoking such household deities as Abraham Lincoln, Robert Redford, General Patton, Jonas Salk, Little Orphan Annie and Archie Griffin, the Olentangy Oracle prophesied that the clash between Ohio State and Michigan would be an athletic Armageddon, a holy war waged in behalf of God, country and well-groomed men everywhere.

"I feel sometimes that the Man upstairs sort of likes us," Woody said on the eve of the big showdown. "Maybe we deserved the thing that happened to us—notice I didn't say 'defeat'—at Michigan State two weeks ago. Maybe He was testing us, saying, 'Let's see what kind of people are at Ohio State . . . Do they take defeat lightly? Can they come back from adversity?' "

Well, no and yes. No, the Buckeyes' controversial 16–13 loss to the Spartans was not taken lightly, especially by a coach who still seems ready to backhand the first man who suggests that it was anything but "questionable." And yes, Ohio State can not only come back, but, as Michigan learned last week, do it with a vengeance. But throwing adversity for a loss, something of a Hayes specialty, did not in itself make this "the greatest thrill-packed game this country has to offer." What does qualify him for clairvoyant-of-the-year honors is the new and startling way his Buckeyes triumphed.

It was not easy considering the long and storied history of what Hayes calls "the greatest rivalry in any sport." All season long, in fact, the only real question has been what could Ohio State and Michigan possibly do for an encore?

Anything, it was hoped, but a repeat of the frustration of last year, when No. 1 Ohio State and No. 4 Michigan, both undefeated, struggled to a 10–10 tie that required a vote by the Big Ten athletic directors to determine who would go to the Rose Bowl. Indeed, the 6-4 decision in favor of Ohio State so outraged Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler that he was slapped with a two-year probation for accusing Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke of "engineering" the vote.

Hayes and his Buckeyes did their best to conjure up something different last week. Like winning 12–10 while only once penetrating beyond the Michigan 25. Like bringing in an ailing defensive back from the hospital to make a critical interception before being carried from the field. And like setting a Buckeye record with four field goals by a walk-on Czech refugee who gets kicking tips from his younger sister.

But by winning, Ohio State forced another vote by the athletic directors and, because of the narrow margin of victory, it seemed possible that Michigan would go to Pasadena. The 10 directors met in Chicago on Sunday and their meeting was long and vocal, but when they emerged Ohio State was again told to start packing for California while for Michigan it was another chorus of "no place like home for the holidays."

Despite the postgame haggling, the weekend was one of those rare instances in which the event was worthy of the buildup. That is no small achievement considering all the drumbeating that Hayes was doing last week. "By comparison," he kept telling anyone who would listen, "the Super Bowl and the World Series don't even compare with our rivalry. USC versus UCLA? Ho hum." At other moments he would turn historian. "How did our great rivalry get started? Well, the real fight started back in 1836 when Andrew Jackson, that wily old cuss, took Toledo away from that state up north and gave it to us."

As for Schembechler, he was disinclined to rehash the events of a century ago—or even last year. "I don't want to talk about it," he said. "This is football, not politics. Nothing that happened last year matters this year."

Bo apparently has not been frequenting the Michigan dorms lately. Linebacker Steve Strinko, for one, said before the game, "You're never going to see a team as high as Michigan in Columbus. It went to a vote last year and they shafted us. So we're not going to let them shaft us this time. The other day some of us were sitting around watching TV and one of the guys said, 'If you gave me an elbow pad before the Ohio State game I'd be ready to eat it.' " The Banks brothers, Harry and Larry, promised to be even more demonstrative. Larry, a defensive end, aware that Ohio State's Archie Griffin was going for his 22nd consecutive game of rushing for 100 or more yards, said, "The only way Griffin will get 100 yards is if I die." Harry, a defensive back, added, "If we lose, I hope to exhale my last breath on the field."

Dennis Franklin, Michigan's slick faking quarterback, who has been troubled with a sprained ankle, drew comparisons with another battle of titans. "When Ali fought Foreman he could have taken it easy because he'd already been champ. What did he have to win for? He had to

Michigan's Gordon Bell challenged with 109 yards; Ohio's Archie Griffin responded with 111.





win because he had so much pride to regain after all the inequities he had to go through. That's what it's like for us."

The Buckeyes were no less psyched up. "This is going to be college football at its very best," predicted Defensive Back Neal Colzie. "They say that pro ball is not like this. If that's true, I'll be very disappointed."

Colzie sounds like a chip off the old Woody. So did Schembechler when, like Hayes, he closed his practices last week. Slightly paranoid about intruders, he even sent a team of student assistants off to corner a UPI photographer who was trying to get a shot from the roof of a house across the street from the practice field. Actually, Hayes and Schembechler, whose careers are so similar, also are so similar in method that their teams could exchange playbooks and it is doubtful if anyone in the stands would be any wiser.

Indeed, except for a surprise opening pass that came within a knuckle or two of being intercepted, the two teams were almost mirror images of one another last Saturday. Franklin threw more and Cornelius Greene, the Buckeye quarterback, did a lot of scrambling during the afternoon, but the primary tactics were the same: grind it out.

The first two quarters differed sharply. The Wolverines kicked off with the wind, pinned Ohio State inside its 15 and took over near midfield. On their fourth play, Franklin, his injured leg taped like a thoroughbred's, passed over the middle to Gil Chapman, who eluded one tackler and veered off to the corner of the end zone for a 42-yard score. On their second series, Gordon Bell, a bolter who runs at a forward angle that seems to defy gravity, crashed for 43 yards in seven plays to set up a field goal by Mike Lantry. With barely 10 minutes expired, the Wolverines were ahead 10–0. It looked for a moment as if a high-scoring game, if not a rout, might be in the offing.

But only for a moment. With Griffin shifting into overdrive, Ohio State invaded Michigan territory at the end of the quarter. On the first play of the second period, with a 20-mile-an-hour wind behind him, Buckeye Kicker Tom Klaban set up for what was to become a familiar sight. Though the snap was errant, Klaban got off a 47-yard sidewinder that hooked through the uprights.



Lantry got his field-goal try above the straining Buckeyes, but the ball went slightly left.

Griffin kept pounding away to the increasing befuddlement of the Wolverine defense. At one point, when Linebacker Strinko met the powering Griffin head on in a hugger-mugger clasp, Strinko went down and sat there for several long astonished moments watching Archie plow on for five more yards.

More discouraging was the sight of Klaban coming on to register another field goal, a 25-yarder, the second of the quarter. Then, with just seconds remaining in the first half, Greene connected with Split End Dave Hazel for 26 yards to usher Klaban in once again. His third kick was a 43-yarder that cut the Michigan margin to 10–9.

Bell, who rushed for 93 yards in the first half, was held to a mere 16 after the break mainly because of the ferocious play of Linebacker Bruce Elia and Tackle Pete Cusick. With Greene finding his running legs, the Buckeyes penetrated far enough early in the third quarter to again bring in the omnipresent Klaban. His kick, a 45-yard boomer, put Ohio State into the lead for the first time, 12–10.

From there on it was all push and shove with Cusick & Co. getting in most of the hardest licks. During one series the 250-pound Cusick singlehandedly stopped the Wolverines cold three times in succession

The Ohio State defense, plus a pair of booming punts by Tom Skladany that traveled 63 and 55 yards, and that key interception by Colzie, who had been hospitalized with a throat infection, throttled the Wolverines.

True to the tradition of the rivalry, some last-ditch heroics were in order and Michigan tried to comply when Franklin passed to Jim Smith for 21 yards. Then, in what looked like a replay of last year's fading seconds, Lantry, a 26-year-old Vietnam veteran, came in for a 33-yard field-goal attempt. The kick soared high and long enough but it was off to the left by about one foot—the same margin that denied Michigan a victory in 1973.

While Buckeye fans were dismantling the goalposts, Klaban, the man of the moment, was in the locker room addressing a new circle of admirers. Recalling the day when, as a Czech youth, he braved gunfire by border guards to escape with his family from behind the Iron Curtain, he said that he had "never even seen a football until a few years ago." He is still so unaccustomed to its idiosyncrasies, he said, that before the game he took some tips from his younger sister, because "she is the only one who understands my soccer style."

Later, a $1,000 scholarship was awarded to Ohio State in Klaban's name, honoring him for being the game's outstanding offensive player. Not to be outdone, Hayes, declaring that "this was the greatest kicking game I've ever seen," awarded Klaban the game ball—and a full scholarship. Klaban can use it.

"I've never had a scholarship before," he said. "I'm a walk-on, and at Ohio State walk-ons don't get a scholarship until they've proved themselves."

It seemed the least Woody could do. **END**

PADDLING OUT OF THE COUNTRY CLUB

The game of platform tennis has come down from its amateur perch in an attempt to attract the masses and sponsors with plenty of money

by BARRY McDERMOTT

After half a century of refinement in the stuffy company boardroom, platform tennis loosened the collar of its genteel, tweedy image last week and rubbed shoulders with the proletariat. All these simply grand and chipper chaps began playing for money. Next will come grubby agents, recalcitrant player unions, the Goodyear blimp, Wolfman Jack, Bobby Riggs and all kinds of other fiddle-faddle. Well, there goes the old neighborhood. Anyone for squash?

The Masters tournament staged in the landscaped community of Pepper Pike outside of Cleveland was the first sanctioned competition to offer prize money in the history of the august American Platform Tennis Association. But more, it was a look at the sport's potential idol, a player injuring himself with a victory jump and sponsorship by a 50-year-old mountain climber. It was people wearing derbies while playing. It was different strokes for different folks.

There did remain vestiges of the game's clubby aura. Everyone came from Princeton or Harvard or one of those Eastern Establishment private schools, and there were a lot of Chaunceys and Carringtons followed by Roman numerals. Platform (also called "paddle") tennis is a game of Wall Street scions, people you suspect hide their Book-of-the-Month Club selections when company calls. Now they were talking of expanding the game, "taking it to the inner city." There were no courts in Cleveland seven years ago and now there are approximately 70. Can fast sports franchising and Gary Davidson be far behind?

If you are tired of having the kids snicker because you keep discovering last year's fad, try platform tennis and be the first on your block. It is a hybrid of tennis, jai alai and ballroom dancing; it is played on a 30-by-60-foot scaled-down tennis court surrounded by wire screening, and because it is always played doubles, you need a partner. The scoring is the same as in tennis but you get only one serve, and the ball can be played off the screen.

The game never was as stuffy as regular tennis used to be with its antiseptic, medical-center dress code and fastidious protocol. Paddle can put a little light status on you with such right-on clothing as Ivy League letter sweaters with worn-out elbows, or a soft elitist symbol like a jazzy warmup jacket. Reverse snobbery is sometimes employed, like serving lasagna at the Cleveland pretournament dinner last Friday. Italian soul food. But then, to return to the right side of the tracks, there was vintage wine, cute little cookies and orange sherbet for dessert.

"Just take a look around this room," said Chip Baird, drinking in the country club setting with his eyes. The room was filled with beautiful people, outfitted in Kennedy clothes of the '60s. Wine glasses tinkled, silverware twinkled. "This is the aristocracy and a lot of them don't like the idea of opening the game up to outsiders. The prize money is nothing—$1,000 to the winner. Some of these people are worth $1,000 an hour. But what happens when it grows and you get some people out of New York who cheat to win and the game loses its social status? It won't be the game anymore that ends with a kiss at the net."

In anticipation of that, one of the top players, Herb FitzGibbon, an angular man cut in the mode of Tony Perkins, has engaged sports marketing whiz Mark McCormack as his financial adviser. The word on the big board is that FitzGibbon could become a hotter commodity than sugar when the sport explodes. Now it is ticking.

Chip Baird is 21 and a senior at Harvard majoring in psychology. His brother Steve is three years older and works for a New York bank, and their father, Chuck, is a former Undersecretary of the Navy. The pedigree is typical. The brothers are ranked fourth in the country and are by far the sport's youngest challengers. "People always tell us, 'You're young, you have lots of time ahead of you,'" says Chip. "If we married and took a job selling stocks or insurance and then practiced four hours a day, yeah, we could be the best in the game. But now





we don't practice. I've played 15 minutes since the last tournament and Steve is on a late flight and not even here yet."

A team that had been practicing and training and leading the ascetic life was the tandem of John Mangan and Bob Kingsbury. They were the best until a decline last year and approached the Masters with the zeal of men charting retribution. Both were running up to two miles a day, and Mangan was lifting weights to strengthen a knee that recently was operated on. Only the previous week they had jogged through the opposition to win a tournament at Amelia Island, Fla., and the word was that they were again kings in the chicken coop.





Their chief rivals were FitzGibbon and John Beck, who dominated last season by winning tournaments in the relentless manner of a combine harvesting wheat. Their emergence affected platform tennis the way the talkies did silent films. Their style was revolutionary, a slashing, powerful game, a deviation from normal strategy bred on patience and defense. Both are tall and rangy, close to 6′5″. FitzGibbon strides like Paul Bunyan over the 34-inch-high net when changing sides. "Playing them is like being in the target end of a shooting gallery," says Chum Steele, who with his partner Keith Jennings was the tournament's second seed. "Tennis is long-range warfare," says FitzGibbon. "Paddle tennis is like street fighting."

Tennis players have a natural propensity for the paddle game. Steele and Jennings were once a high-ranked tennis doubles team and most of the other players were renegade tennis addicts. FitzGibbon formerly was 14th in U.S. men's singles. Now he is a stockbroker living in Manhattan, commutes to the suburbs on weekends to play platform tennis and practices sincere smiling in case Central Casting calls. "Our style is such that our error rate is very high," says Beck. "But if we're on, we'll win. It's that simple."

The players were competing for $3,200 in prize money, part of it put up by Jess Bell, the owner of the Cleveland-based Bonne Bell cosmetics firm and a man whose frenetic style suggests he is mainlining vitamins. He rushed back from a climb of Mount Kilimanjaro to attend the tournament and arrived wearing African bracelets. Bell jogs four miles to work each day, has a platform tennis court alongside his plant and is considering a 25-mile run. Whatever became of the sedentary executive life-style?

Early in the week winter put its frigid bite on the Midwest's neck, but Saturday turned out to be a beautiful, crisp day, assuring that while there might be bluebloods about, there would be no blue noses. The script appeared pat; there are only a few outstanding teams in the sport and generally the same four meet in the semifinals of every tournament. But then tennis used to be that way, too, before the riffraff took over.

Jennings and Steele took home $1,000 from the first money tournament in Cleveland.

Four rounds were scheduled for Saturday, meaning the players would finish the day as limp as the Dow Jones average, with the semifinals and finals to follow Sunday. First Mangan and Kingsbury were beaten, falling in the third round to 10th-seeded Scott Rogers and John Brownlow of Cleveland, 7–6, 6–4. So much for the ascetic life.

Meanwhile Oliver Kimberly and David Jennings, past national champions, were winning their third-round match, buoyed by the notion that with Mangan and Kingsbury gone they now could sail into the semis. At the winning point Kimberly exultantly jumped into the air and crumpled to the ground with a pulled leg muscle. After 90 minutes of delaying tactics, the pair finally met the fortuitous Rogers and Brownlow and lost 6–2, 6–3. So much for exultation.

Sunday was rainy with a brisk Lake Erie wind raking the center court of the Cleveland Racquet Club as Machine Gun FitzGibbon and Beck strafed the opposition. They made Saturday's Cinderellas, Rogers and Brownlow, look like pumpkins in glass slippers and trounced them 6–1, 6–1 in the morning semis.

Earlier Chum Steele had considered the prospect of prize money: "I'm better for money, even if it's only a dime." Steele and partner Keith Jennings live in Boston and are self-styled "wetbacks" because they are outside the New York enclave. They struggled to beat the precocious Baird brothers 3–6, 7–5, 6–3, and moved into the finals against the long-ball hitters.

The rain got worse in the afternoon, turning the ball mushy and playing surfaces slippery, and blunting FitzGibbon's and Beck's nuclear forehands. Two years ago in the rain, Steele and Jennings gave them one of the worst beatings of their careers. This time it was closer, but the sitting ducks still upset the favorites 6–4, 7–6, 4–6, 6–7, 9–7 and struck a blow for the judicious lob.

Considering the weekend's excitement, someone should apologize for keeping platform tennis hidden upstairs. Well, it's not too late to get started. We can make the ball purple and violet, expand to Amelia Island, put in a designated umpire, defer bonus payments over the next two centuries and install Judge Sirica as commissioner. Play ball, and smile on camera, Carrington. **END**

WHAT THE RAIDERS HAVE IS GENIUS

Big Boss Al Davis is one, they say, and Davis says Coach John Madden is. So all the players need be is good

by DAN JENKINS



In fear of drowning, the writer tests the carpet in the office of Al Davis to see if it has been watered down the way they say the field is for all home games of the Oakland Raiders. Al Davis laughs. Being a genius, a winner, rich and powerful, he can afford to laugh. The writer explains that he has been sentenced to pro football this year and he has come to Oakland on a vacation to get away from it all. He likes what they're doing with the marsh areas.

"Hey, can I say something?" says Al Davis. "I don't know what I'm doing here today. You know what I . . .? If it was anybody else but a guy I haven't seen in a while . . . I could be . . . See, John Madden's the coach. . . ."

The writer didn't catch the last name. John who?

"That's the thing," says Al Davis. "Here's a guy who's got the best record in pro football next to Don Shula. To be a head coach, you've either got it or you don't. John's got it. All he does is win. He's 12-1-1 his first year, when he's only 33 years old. We're right there every year, trying to do that one thing we haven't done. That Super Bowl thing. We come close. But things happen. God comes down and lets Franco Harris catch something. . . ."

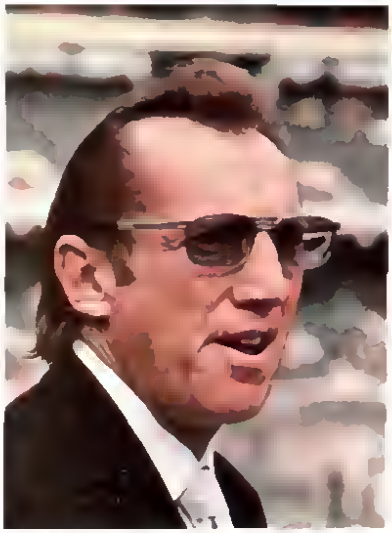
The writer wonders why everybody in the world thinks Al Davis is still the coach, nevertheless.

"When have I got time to coach?" says Davis, who sits in a silver and black office in his suburban Oakland marsh. "I'm too busy watering down the field."

Al Davis performs miracles. Stadiums get built in Oakland, leagues merge, the Raiders win more football games than anybody over a 12-year period, unknown players become stars, a fairly young ex-coach and ex-commissioner becomes a "managing general partner"—the majority owner—and it has to be because he's a combination genius and devil.

"I'm just an organization guy," Davis

Lefty passing whiz Stabler was ready in 1973 when Quarterback Daryle Lamonica faltered.



Davis doesn't coach, Al wants it understood.

claims. "I like to think I've put together a good thing here. John Madden is part of that. The players are. We all are. I don't go to workouts. I don't send plays down from the top of the stadium. We talk. I talk to John. I tell him some things I know about the team we're going to play. Has he thought of this? Has he thought of that? He usually has."

Why does Al Davis think John Madden can't get enough credit?

"I don't know," he says. "It's an image thing. People know me. They didn't know him. I talk a lot. I've been around a long time. The war between the leagues, the merger. Maybe everybody thought I was too young to quit coaching, so they can't believe I have. But I have."

On game days Al Davis still wants to coach.

"There's nothing like that glory and excitement. But there's nothing worse than the day-to-day detail," he says.

The writer wonders if it is a lot of trouble to water down the Oakland Coliseum's natural dirt.

Al Davis says, "We play at least nine out of 14 games a year on turf. Seven here and one each against Denver and San Diego on the road. And we win. So we must be good mudders, I don't know. A few years ago the Coliseum had a drainage problem. It's been fixed. With Cliff Branch, we'd really be smart to slow him down, wouldn't we?"

Davis does things differently. He ridicules the computer technique, scouting pools, publicizing individual players, believing the draft is a cure-all. His coach was young and anonymous, his director of player personnel, Ron Wolf, was a youthful journalist and now his quarterback, Ken Stabler, is left-handed. What does he have against pro football?

"Take Ron Wolf," he says. "I hired him when he was 21. He loves college football. He knows every player, every statistic. I needed a guy who would read everything and tell me everything. He gets to know the kids. Is he a leader? Can he play in cold weather? What does everybody say about him?"

Ron Wolf is a secondary genius. Of the 47 players on the Raiders' current roster, 34 are draft choices, and 24 of them have come in the past six years. Oakland doesn't get old.

"We like kids who come from winners," says Al Davis. "Kenny Stabler quarterbacked the best team Alabama ever had. You got to put Stabler up there with the best now. He's a leader. He doesn't throw interceptions. He's a winner. All his life."

So are the others.

"We like kids who've played on a national champion and on bowl teams. We know they've got pride and poise," says Davis. "We like a John Vella and a Clarence Davis from USC. A Bob Moore from Stanford. A Jack Tatum from Ohio State. We like a Dave Casper from Notre Dame and a Monte Johnson from Nebraska. We get the unknown, too; you got to be an idiot to look at Art Shell or Gene Upshaw or Otis Sistrunk and not know they're football players." (Sistrunk, with his shaven head, would catch anyone's eye. Alex Karras says he is from the University of Mars.)

And what is the secret of drafting if you never get to draft higher than 19th?

"We work hard at it," says Davis. "Without computers. We take a punter [Ray Guy] in the first round, and he's a hell of a weapon."

What's wrong with trades?

"We'll trade," Davis says. "We like to trade. But you can't give up a couple of empty uniforms and a roll of tape and get a Bubba Smith. You've got to give up a Ray Chester."

The writer wonders why everybody says Oakland's passing game is different.

"Because it is," says *continued*

Bearlike John Madden "laughs with the guys," says Davis, but occasionally snarls at officials.



Davis. "We don't run a lot of slants. That's how you get receivers killed. We like to keep ours around. Fred Biletnikoff is in his 10th season. We don't like interceptions. You throw on the break or *before* the break, you get interceptions. We throw *after* the break. Stabler is good at holding the ball."

The writer says that maybe Oakland can throw after the break because the defense is ankle-deep in watered-down dirt.

"You know what the rug has done?" says Davis. "The rug and the larger roster have brought in the little, fast guy. The Terry Metcalf, the Mack Herron, the Greg Pruitt. The rug has brought in speed. Guys can cut better and fly."

Every good team this year has speed, right?

"Somewhere," Davis says. "You say, well, Miami only has speed when Mercury Morris is in there. But that's not true. It's Paul Warfield. Warfield is what keeps you honest. Branch is what we have to keep people honest. They said he couldn't catch at Colorado. He caught kickoffs and punts pretty good, and we thought he could catch, and you've got to like a 9.3."

Don't you like Branch to run 100 yards on every play and take somebody with him, just so Marv Hubbard can make four yards? Davis shakes this off.

"A good offensive line and a quarterback who can hold the ball," Davis says. "That adds up to a good passing game. Nobody understands what quick release means. Quick release means when you throw the ball. It doesn't mean getting rid of it quick because of the rush. Stabler has a quick release."

The writer wants to know about Al Davis paying off the Bay Area sportswriters. Was it in cash or free fishing licenses for the Lake Oakland Coliseum?

"We give 'em a gift every Christmas," he says. "We've given binoculars, TVs, stereo . . . it's something I want to do. I guess some other teams do it. A little appreciation for the guys who live with us. Instead of a gift certificate, I gave a guy a check. He showed it to his sports editor. He gave it back. No big deal. He didn't get fired. There's no scandal."

Al Davis laughs.

"You know how to buy good publicity?" he says. "By winning, like John Madden does. We don't get the best of it around here. Nobody left their heart in Oakland. But we're treated fairly, I think. We don't go looking for it. We don't announce player signings. I don't do radio shows. I don't do TV shows. Is that a guy looking for publicity?"

Some of the accidental publicity wasn't so good from Pete Rozelle's viewpoint.

"I turned up on camera sitting at a game with Jimmy the Greek. He's a friend," says Davis. "He's an accredited journalist, a columnist, isn't he? Pete called me. We chatted about it. What's that got to do with . . .?"

As a member of the NFL Owners Executive Committee and the powerful *Competition Committee, Al Davis is in* a position to change the sport. What does he intend to do?"

"You got to be kidding," he says. "My kick comes from trying to figure ways for us to win with the rules that everybody else makes. I'm no rule maker. I want to see *us* do certain things. They talk about me coaching. You don't have time to coach when you're dealing with personnel, working with the Players Association, drafting, trading, trying to keep us balanced, trying to keep up on things."

Didn't he enjoy a nice edge, being the only NFL owner with a thorough knowledge of the game in every department, having been a coach, a commissioner, a talent hunter? Well, O.K., George Halas, if you want to count him. But there's only one Al Davis, and seeing as how so many other owners are dummies. . . .

"You said that!" says Davis. "You said that. I didn't say that."

Was he serious about the Super Bowl changing to a two-out-of-three playoff?

"I don't think that's impossible," he says. "You get the best team as your champion that way. None of this 'on any given day' stuff, which happens to be true. I'd like to see two-out-of-three. It wouldn't bother me to be playing football in late January."

Didn't the confusion of the runner-up teams in the playoffs bother him?

"I was for it," he says. "I'm for competition. This provides it. Some teams wrap up the division, like us this time, but a lot of teams have a shot to make the playoffs. Sustains interest. You expand and let only the division winners go to the playoffs and suppose those divisions are all weakened and everybody wraps it up early? You could have two, three weeks of regular-season games that don't mean anything."

What would he do with television?

"I'd go Sunday afternoon, Sunday night and Monday night. Give all three networks their shot," he says. "Everybody has their own turf. The public gets the best."

Is the mystique of the pro game justified?

"I'm going to say something that will make a lot of guys howl. You hear all about the zones and the '53' and the three-man line and the two middle backers. But most defense comes from the college coaches. It has to. They go 11 on 11. We go 10 on 11 because we don't want the quarterback to run. I haven't seen *anything on defense that didn't come* from the colleges. What the pros have done, however, is refine the passing game. I'll give us that."

How much have the players changed?

"They've changed," Davis says. "There's not so much of this 'I'll do it because the coach says to do it.' They're smarter. You tell 'em why, and if it makes sense, they'll do it."

Is Al Davis bitter over the strike?

"I was on everybody's side, the players', too. But there was lack of reason. Guys talk about freedom, but none of us are free. I'm not free from this job. They've got equal opportunity. What else can you ask for?"

Al Davis believes in winning, and he

continued

Otis Sistrunk of "the University of Mars"





Sometimes it's more elegant not to use an elegant decanter.

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1975 Caprice Classic Sport Sedan.

1975 CAPRICE CLASSIC

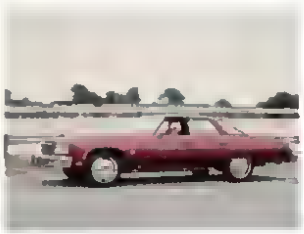
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We couldn't expect you to change your standards. So we've changed Caprice. Caprice Classic for 1975 still provides you with the elegance and style your taste demands. Plus Chevrolet's new Efficiency System with some very important engineering improvements designed to work together to clean the air and save you money.

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For 1975, Caprice's standard V8 engine is designed for better fuel economy; thanks to the new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

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High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Caprice Classics, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver. We wanted to make it easy for you to approach your Caprice with greater confidence on cold, wet mornings.



Faster warm-ups.

Caprice for '75 features Early Fuel Evaporation as part of the new Efficiency System. EFE efficiently uses exhaust gases to give you a smoother, shorter warm-up period.

Better performance.

The features we've listed so far, combined with Chevrolet's new catalytic converter, are designed to make the '75 Chevrolets better performers than the cars of the last few years. Our new catalytic converter allows Chevrolet engines to go back to doing what you've always expected them to do: Perform smoothly, responsively, efficiently.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

With High Energy Ignition, there are no points to replace, and there's no ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

Tune-ups will be simpler and further apart.



More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

We've extended our recommended maintenance as follows: *Oil change and chassis lube*—every six months or 7,500 miles. *Oil filter change*—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 miles. *Automatic transmission fluid change*—every 30,000 miles.

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doesn't understand the athlete who questions that motivation.

"Football is a game you play to win," he says. "Otherwise, like they say, why do we keep score? You play, you win, the money comes; and the recognition, if that's what you want. I didn't make up those rules. That's the way life is."

There was still the question about John Madden's recognition after all this winning since 1969.

"If I were coaching this team," Davis concedes, "it would probably have a different personality. I'd go for more discipline. John can laugh with the guys. He's probably more conservative than I would be. I might throw more, go more for the big play, although John likes the big play. We'd be different is all I'm saying. We're a good blend. We bounce things back and forth, but he's the coach. Not many people realize it, but he's one of the best when the game's in progress, staying cool and making the right decisions. I get the credit for making him the coach. That's all."

So why have the Raiders gone to the Super Bowl only once?

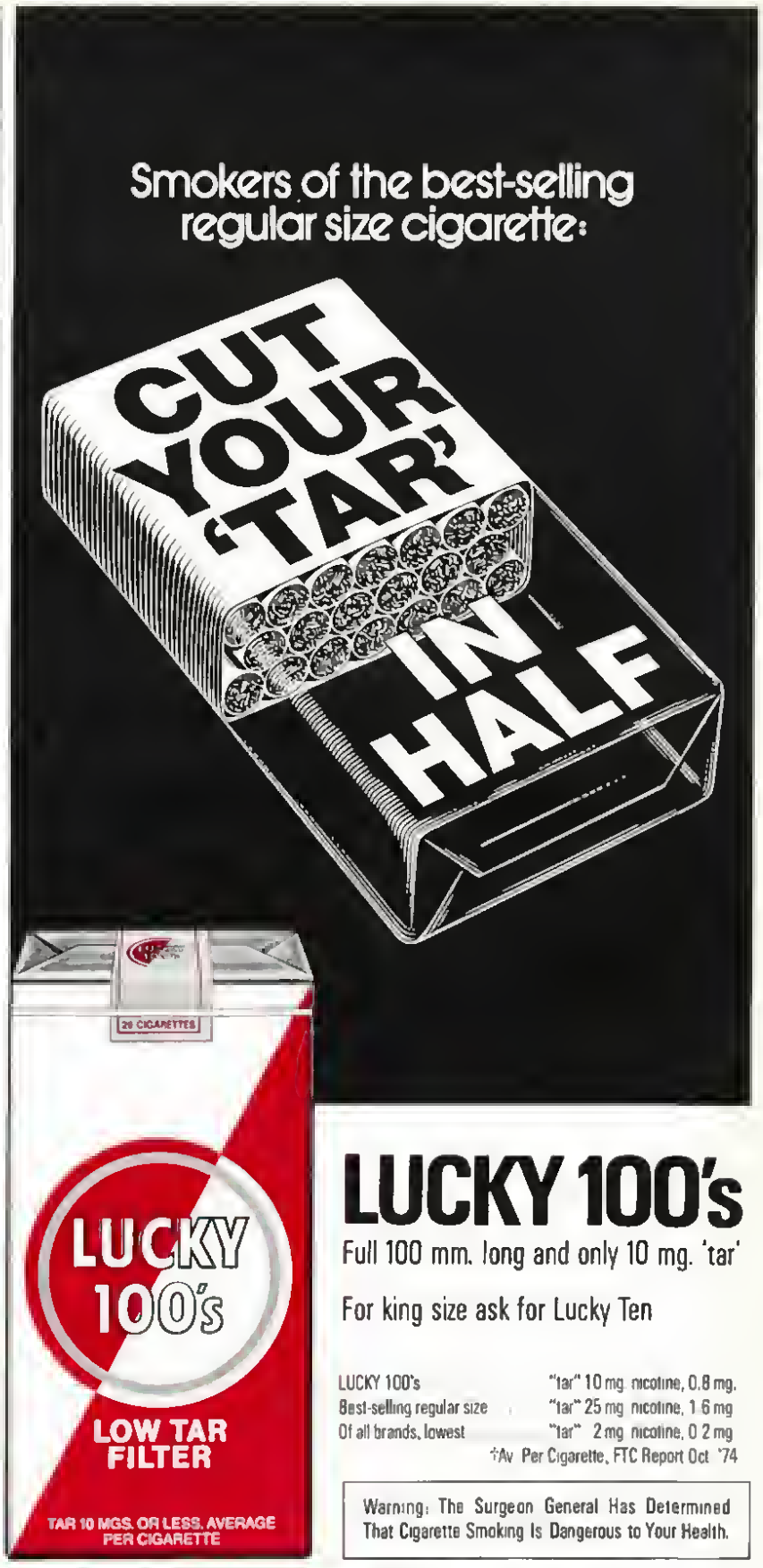
"Two or three times I thought we had the best team, maybe. We throw a pass, which turns out to be a lateral—and a fumble—and the Jets take us and go on to beat Baltimore in the Super Bowl. We beat Kansas City twice, they beat us in the playoffs and then they whip Minnesota. People say we might have beaten Minnesota worse. Franco Harris does that thing. We might be in the tougher conference. The American wins five out of the last six Super Bowls. I think I see more good teams in the American."

Isn't it a shame that maybe the two best teams around, Oakland and Miami—when they're not losing to people like the Broncos and the Jets—might have to play each other in the first round?

"I don't care who we play," Davis says. "The main thing is to have all of your people healthy on the day you have to play somebody. We're capable of beating anybody. That's what we work for. Did John say he'd like to have Miami in the opener? I don't know that he said that. There's nobody good to have."

Listen, Al, one more question. After you win the Super Bowl this season and then go to the Jets as a part owner, general manager and coach, who will you draft at quarterback?

Al Davis tries to laugh, but winds up making a noise. **END**



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JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If the reports are true that Bill Walton has left UCLA, Moses Malone has skipped Maryland and the pros have drafted every hardship case except Billy Jack, it all means just one thing. The cinch winner of the NCAA championship will be Louisville. Maybe.

To proclaim that the coming season may be the most wide-open and interesting since the 1950s assumes more than the simple reality that North Carolina State's tumbling of the UCLA dynasty opened the gates for everybody else. The mad scramble in 1974-75 also will be the result of competition among better athletes, more varied and intricate coaching techniques, intense and sometimes unfortunate recruiting methods, further collapse of racial barriers and a renewed fanaticism for the college game in every section of the country.

Basketball fans should be grateful for all these things and more. We need to thank old Mr. Walton for graduating; he would have made it the Year of Revenge, if it isn't that anyway at UCLA. Thanks to young Mr. Moses, who would have taken Maryland all the way to the promised land. And thanks also to Mr. Tommy Barker, who chose the hot sands of Hawaii over the cool hands of David Thompson at North Carolina State. Barker, a seven-foot customer of merit, would have made the Wolfpack altogether impossible to control.

As it is, these teams are just three for the show now, and there are others almost anywhere one cares to look. Alabama, Indiana, Kansas, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Memphis State, Arizona, Detroit. All can be legitimate contenders for the national championship if certain things fall right. In fact, New York, that wasteland of campus disinterest, even has a team, Manhattan College, that can, as they say, win it all.

There are other schools whose chances are bright if they overcome handicaps uniquely their own. DePaul, another sidewalk campus within the urban core, is back again with Chicago-like size and Ray Meyer still coaching. If the Blue Demons get by their initial scrape with UCLA free of any psychological tremors, they may go a long way.

Southern Illinois has the second best big man in the land in Joe C. Merriweather. (The best is seven-foot Marvin "The Eraser" Webster, who plays for Morgan State in NCAA Division II—whatever that means.) But the Salukis for some reason still have a small-college image, even though they have been big time ever since Walt Frazier led them to the NIT championship in 1967.

Marquette's Al McGuire will try to camouflage his troops in uniforms of way-out design. As if the Warriors' old ones were not outlandish enough, what with circles, stripes and zigzags signaling ultimate chaos, McGuire has announced a splendid change. He will break out the new duds against South Carolina on national TV, and the shirts will be worn outside the pants. (Since when has anybody at Marquette been accused of tucking his shirt *inside*?) McGuire's new line is to be called "Sand-Bo" after Sand-Knits, the manufacturing firm of which McGuire is a vice-president, and after Bo Ellis, the sensational sophomore.

With the NCAA enlarging its tournament to 32 teams, including some league runners-up, the championship becomes more accessible than ever. Under the new arrangement Maryland, which might have been the country's strongest team last season, yet did not get to compete in the NCAAs because it lost perhaps the best-played game all year to N.C. State in the ACC tournament, would have been eligible for the big prize. And might have played the Wolfpack again. And might have won.

Such a development augurs irony this season for Purdue, North Carolina and Southern Cal, which may well win their respective Big Ten, ACC and Pacific Eight conferences in upsets, and then have to face the preseason league favorites once again in the tournament.

All of which makes for so much confusion that Coach Ted Owens of Kansas was heard to comment even before preseason practice was under way, "People didn't expect from us everything we achieved last year. Obviously, that will not be the case this year." That's what he said.

The street guys down on the corner have a word for a team that is strong, tough, loaded. They say it is "a house." Sometimes, even, "a bomb."

Sample conversation: "How you goin' to be this year?"

IN THIS SPECIAL SECTION

Basketball previews continue for the next 39 pages, with drawings by Tom Allen, a look at the wackiest conference and scouting reports on the 20 top teams, plus the best of the rest, by Curry Kirkpatrick, Barry McDermott, Herman Weiskopf, Jim Kaplan, Larry Keith and Kent Hannon. A sun-, sand- and star-spangled junior college is the centerpiece of an analysis of the top small college teams.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

"We be a house."

"Too bad. *We* be a bomb and explode all over your house."

Unless the galaxies act up or Adolph Rupp wanders over from Lexington with a hatchet to personally prevent his beloved Kentucky Wildcats from being embarrassed on their own turf, Louisville should have the big house this season. A house not always being home, however, it will be interesting to watch how the Cardinals fare during the first five games—four of them on the road—of what is the most difficult early schedule in the country.

In addition, an observer might watch for the following this season: underrated players Bruce Parkinson of Purdue, Charles Russell of Alabama, Tim Hall of Colorado State, Bob Carrington of Boston College and Glenn Hansen of LSU. Playground menageries at Canisius and Illinois State. The Designated Dunker of the Year, Nate Davis of South Carolina. Turkey schedules at Penn, Detroit, Boston College and Memphis State, which, despite road games at UCLA and Louisville, take on so many gobblers that State ought to serve cranberry sauce at the concession stands.

And finally, the Game of the Year: Hawaii vs. Las Vegas. Now that UCLA has been beaten, all we need before dying happy is a game between the Rainbows and the Dicemen. If you hadn't heard yet, Hawaii and Vegas brightened up the off-season by negotiating what is believed to be the first player trade in college basketball history. Vegas sent Jimmie Baker to Hawaii for Boyd (Bad Back) Batts. Straight up. No cash. No probation to be named later. No questions asked.

The best part of this is that both teams are in the Bluebonnet Classic in Houston. It will be interesting to see if it was a trade that ruined both sides.

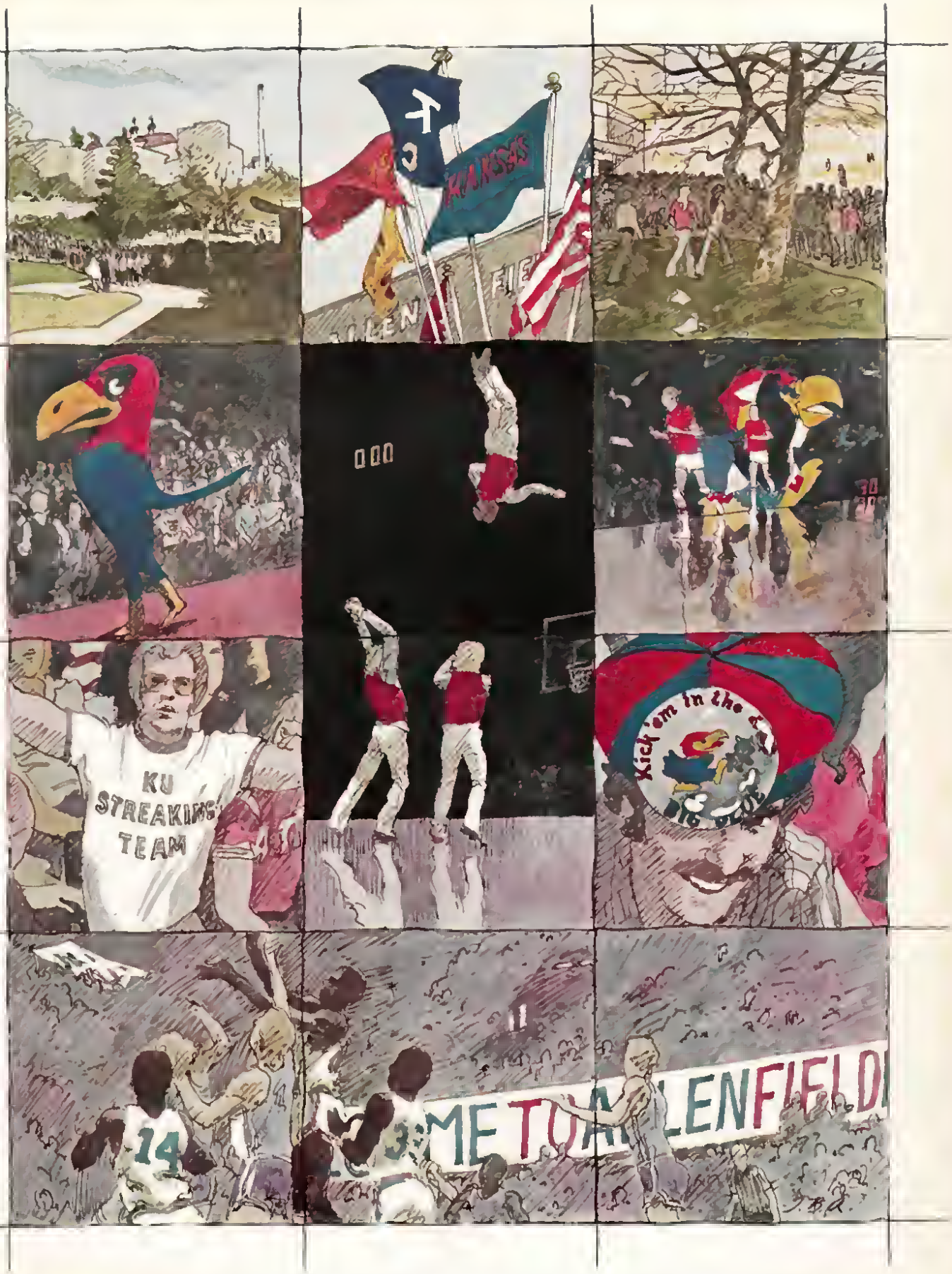
CONTINUED

THE GAME IS A FRAME OF MIND AND EYE

Windows on the world of basketball are Artist Tom Allen's way of viewing some of last year's top teams, all of whom should be strong again. One is UCLA, which has brought nine NCAA titles to Westwood. Coach Wooden ponders getting a leg up on another

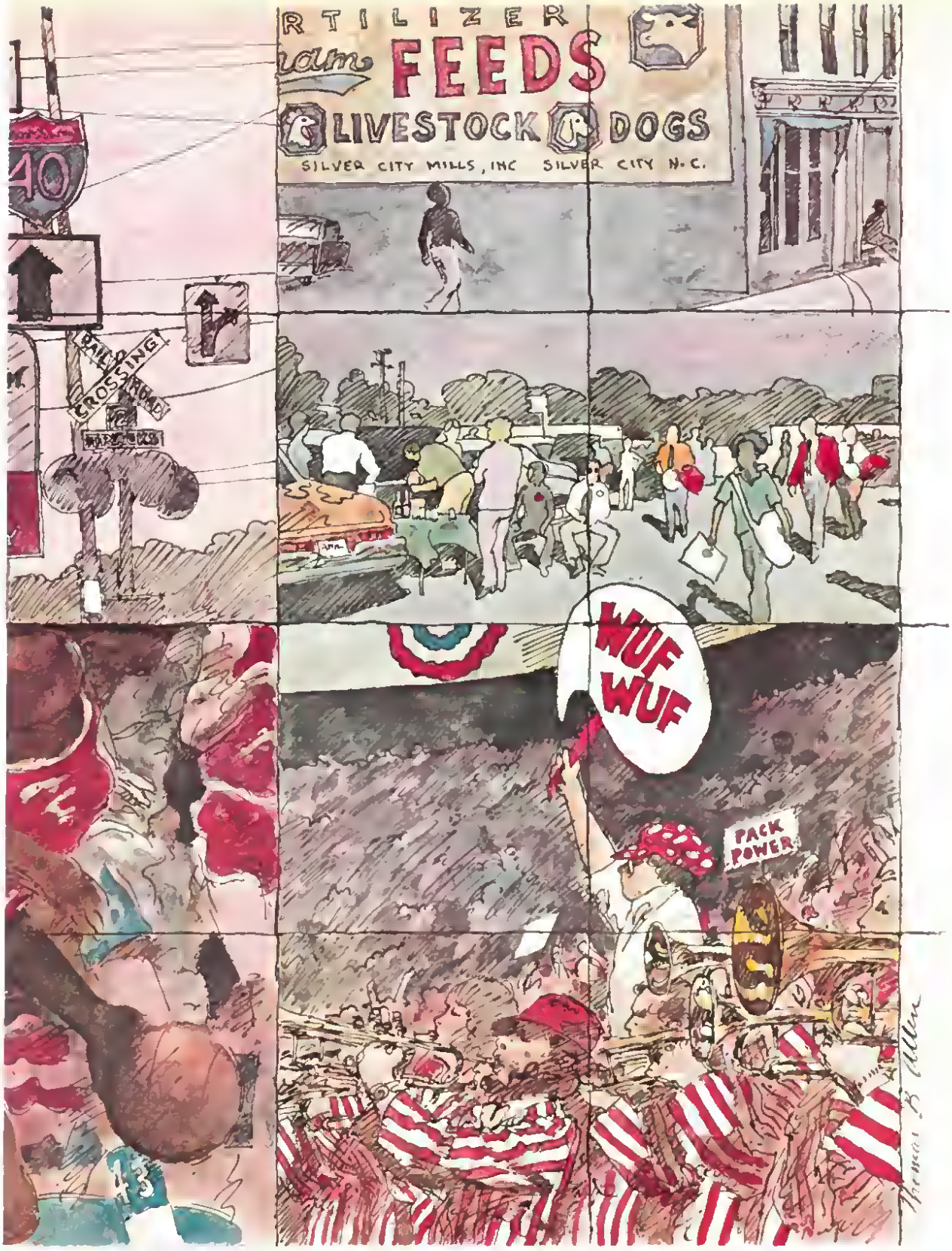


More than fans were streaking at Kansas, and cheerleaders were not the only high flyers on Mt. Oread. The Jayhawks won the Big Eight and seem a cinch to repeat.


KANSAS
KU
STREAKING
TEAM
Kick 'em in the
Big Blue
14
3
ME TO
LENFIELD



All roads in the Atlantic Coast Conference lead to the league's postseason tournament, a bedlam of Southern-fried interstate and in-



trastate rivalries. Lost year's final matched the red and white of both Moryland and soan-to-be NCAA chompian North Carolino State. The some colars should predaminate this year, but the predictoble seldam accurs in this hothouse af uproar and upset.


J.B.A.

SOMEWHERE OUT WEST IS THE WACKY WAC

Sprawling over mountains, deserts and on to the far horizons, the conference enjoys its share of the game's oddball characters

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Before too long—anywhere from 48 hours to 72 days after the season begins—the scores will start filtering across the Continental Divide from schools in the Western Athletic Conference, and we will find out what mysterious events are occurring this time in college basketball's version of *Death Wish*.

The mad WAC, somewhere out there in the mesquite between Saskatchewan and Juarez, doesn't really play in a ghost time zone when everyone else is asleep. Neither do the teams score 500 points in games that go on for months before finally being decided by referees with knives in their teeth. Nor does the league hire gypsies, tramps and thieves to scour the countryside looking for young student athletes who can shoot, rebound, pass junior-college whittling and rob liquor stores. It only seems that way.

It has always seemed, in fact, that the lowest thing on the face of the earth, other than a turnip, is the reputation of the Western Athletic Conference.

Correct this if it's wrong, but isn't the WAC the place where every year some dude with a name like Tyrone (Ice Cream) Kone comes out of Our Lady of Perpetual Humiliation High School in the Bronx and is supposed to turn around the program at the Desperado School of Engineering and Mines in Ragsdale, Utah? Kone scored 77 points a game as a prepster, grabbed 62 rebounds per contest and received 19,438 scholarship offers; his agent, Louie (The Shuffler) Zaccato, counted 'em personally.

But, having failed to attain a G average in chutes and ladders, isn't Kone left with only two choices? He can opt for the junior-college ranks by enrolling at Rio de Cucaracha Community College, which is located among several tepees on the Yavapai Indian reservation, or he can head for the WAC.

Fred (The Fox) Snowden came from Detroit to plant bigger players amid Arizona cacti. Big crowds followed.

And doesn't he choose the WAC because it promises him jobs for all 36 of his brothers and sisters? And, once he gets out there, doesn't he languish on the bench at basketball games because he finds the adjustment to desert living too hard to handle? Kone spends his freshman year losing his socks in the campus laundry, getting so homesick he calls back to New York four times an hour and regularly flunking his current-affairs test because he does not know whether Ben-Veniste is a new antihistamine or the drummer for Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes.

As a sophomore, doesn't Tyrone get involved in a series of events that shake the sport? He goes for 97 points in his first start in the WAC and immediately signs a lifetime, no-cut, no-work, professional-hardship draft contract in return for three stolen credit cards from General Manager Kuyang (Hammerin') Tongs of the Mekong Delta Dawns in the new World Basketball League. Before he can get off campus, isn't Kone's career ended by a dislocated terminal pull-tear spasm of the ear?

Isn't this what happens in the WAC?

For a long time now the WAC has suffered from that kind of generalization and misinformation about its players, its teams and its brand of basketball. Nobody is exactly sure why this has come about, but the fact that WAC territory encompasses 98% of the mountains and only 3% of the population in America has not aided the search for reality. Since distance breeds skepticism, and people are never entirely sure of something they have never seen, there is still a pervasive Wild West folklore about the conference. It confers on the league an aura of danger, romance and excitement unlike any other in the NCAA.

The WAC is the newest conference playing both major-college football and basketball. Only once has its basketball champion emerged into the light of the national final four to be observed firsthand by the semiomniscient national media, not to mention a few million regular-type people.

Though three of its schools have won national titles, two of those—Wyoming's in 1943 and Utah's in 1944—came long before the league was founded, and the third was won under an assumed name. That would be the 1966 title taken by Texas Western, which was once the Texas School of Mines and is now the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP).

In the early 1960s, as the old Border and Skyline conferences were foundering, their larger members must have suddenly decided that nobody knew or cared whether Hardin-Simmons was an institution of higher learning or a candy bar. So the basketball-strong, growing schools shucked H-S and the rest and merged into the Western Athletic Conference in 1962. Today it consists of the six charter members—Wyoming, Utah, Brigham Young, New Mexico, Arizona and Arizona State—along with UTEP and Colorado State, which joined five years ago.

In the early days of the conference, skid-'n'-shoot offense was as customary as disdain for defense among WAC teams. The runnin'-gunnin' crews of Ar-

continued

izona State, BYU and Utah were stunnin' until they got into postseason playoffs. Then there was no funnin'.

Also part of the WAC style was the ease with which junior-college players infiltrated the campuses, even though their academic backgrounds tended to be heavy on things like checkers.

Other areas of college life provided diversion for those recruits who found classroom life a bit limiting. One youngster at Colorado State was caught stealing funds from a turkey raffle for Vietnam orphans. One lad from New Mexico was ticketed for driving his auto while watching a backseat TV through the rearview mirror. Another Lobo player was apprehended, nude and wielding a butcher knife, in the midst of an inadvertent LSD trip. Arizona State once enrolled a prospect equipped with expertise in the practice of assault and battery. And even this year one of New Mexico's prize JC players was picked up on a rape charge the same day he signed a grant-in-aid.

Some of the league's better-known four-year students have not exactly uplifted academic standards. Billy (The Hill) McGill departed Utah a year before the WAC was formed, but his classroom weaknesses were so well-known the university was forced to tighten entrance requirements. A standing joke among Wyoming alumni concerns the search to find anyone who attended a class with Flynn Robinson; Flynn spent most of his time at Laramie as the doorman at Poor Bill's, a nifty after-hours establishment.

In defense of the WAC, it must be pointed out that the league is hardly alone in providing a haven for educational no-accounts, athletic hoodlums and NCAA scholarship violators who spend their senior years living in motel rooms—as the WAC's most recent All-America did. The league's most beleaguered school, UTEP, is the constant target of unconfirmed allegations and stupid racial ridicule about its 1966 national champions, a mostly black contingent that whipped Kentucky's all-white squad in the finals. Contrary to recent charges, no member of that team is in jail, and all but two have been graduated from college.

In contrast to all of this are WAC graduates' contributions in government, business, education, religion and the arts. Barry Goldwater, Frank Sinatra Jr. and Vonda Kay Van Dyke attended conference schools; Johnny Miller developed his golf at BYU, Jack Anderson learned his journalism at Utah, and Geraldo Rivera was just plain Jerry when he attended Arizona.

As a result of the WAC's travail in other areas, its considerable accomplishments on the basketball court and at the gate also have gone largely unnoticed.

Strength? Two years ago five WAC teams won 16 games or more. Last year five won 18 or more, and the WAC was one of two leagues to send representatives to the three postseason tournaments. Its record vs. nonconference opponents was 65-30.

Talent? Last season the NBA drafted three hardship cases from the WAC, all



WAC coaches come in many disguises (clockwise from upper left): Cougar Glenn Potter of BYU, the Utah Utes' Jerry Pimm, Wyoming Cowboy Moe Rodovich, Jim Williams of Colorado State's Rams, Miner Don Haskins of UTEP, the New Mexico Lobos' Norm Ellenberger, Arizona Wildcat Fred Snowden and Ned Wulk of the ASU Sun Devils

with two years of eligibility left. This year Arizona has Bob Elliott, one of the best big men in college, Utah has the amazing shooter, Luther (Ticky) Burden; and Arizona State, led by Lionel (Train) Hollins, may win the league title.

Contrast? This is a conference where one team can score 106 points and lose by 15 (which Arizona did), and another team can score only 11 baskets and be applauded (which Wyoming did and was). UTEP has been the NCAA leader in defense two years running, but the Miners had one of those typically wacky WAC point-spread differentials with Arizona State last season. UTEP lost at Tempe 73–53, and then won at El Paso 82–48—a cool spread of 54 big ones.

Balance? The WAC has always been the most balanced of conferences. In 1966 Brigham Young finished 6-4 in the league, yet won the NIT in New York. Only four times in the WAC's 12-year history has the championship been decided earlier than the final day of the season, and just once in the last six years has the champion lost fewer than four games.

Road victories are considered such rarities that the WAC keeps a separate set of statistics entitled "break-throughs." There were 17 last year. The best road record over 12 seasons is owned by Brigham Young, which has won 25 of 70 such league games for an unsparkling .357 percentage. Nobody else is close.

The WAC normally needs a slide rule to compute the playoff possibilities stemming from the conference race. Last March five teams went into the final weekend with a shot at the championship, and if UTEP had beaten New Mexico there would have been a quintuple tie. The year before, four schools were involved in the race on the final day.

Again this winter five schools have a chance at the championship. Arizona probably still has the most physical talent. Arizona State's backcourt is second only to Maryland's in the country. New Mexico has enough intense, hustling types to defend its title with gusto. Colorado State, the dark horse, has inside depth returning from a team that lost five WAC games by a total of 10 points. And UTEP has nasty defense, playground quickness and some of the best coaching anywhere.

Brigham Young, too, enters the 20th century. The Cougars, who pride themselves on recruiting foreign athletes, have gone so foreign this time that Californian Gary Batiste will be the first black basketball player ever at Provo.

Such competition has inspired vast audiences and necessitated the construction of huge, glimmering basketball palaces. Four WAC teams were among the 11 NCAA home-attendance leaders last season. Brigham Young, with the nation's largest (22,670 seats) on-campus facility, led the country two years ago. New Mexico's "Pit" led in 1974. UNM was one of only two schools that drew more than 200,000 at home, the other was UCLA. Overall, the WAC attracted close to one million for home games in 1973-74.

Irv Brown, a much-respected referee from Denver who officiated two of the last three NCAA finals, says, "They do everything in the WAC but ice the puck. The quality of play isn't any better than some places and it isn't any tougher. But they run there, scatter, hold it, fire it, coach the hell out of it, defend it and make noise like crazy. It's my favorite because they have the most fun."

For nine years the WAC stagnated because there were no coaching changes. Then a new breed came in, and Arizona State's Ned Wulk, the lone survivor of the original coaches, started to work harder, primarily on defense. Now, what one of the new leaders calls the WAC's "sagebrush image" is passé.

It is impossible to replace it with a single new image because the conference covers too much area, sprawling through two time zones, temperature changes from plus 100° to minus 30°, and altitudinal differences ranging from the Tucson desert to the high-plains plateau at 7,200-foot Laramie ("the terminal of the four winds"). But three men—two new, one old—represent the flavor of the WAC better than any others. They are sometimes known, Aesop-style, as The Fox, The Hippie and The Bear.

Fred Snowden of Arizona, The Fox, was the first black head coach at a major school, "the fly in the buttermilk of Tucson" as he still puts it. In charming self-parody, he also refers to himself as "Ego King," and he is not far wrong. Snowden's teams dazzle the opposition on the break, then wave at them on the defensive end. "We let you play with it because we want it back in a hurry," he says.

The Fox has a preference for white shoes, the word "syndrome" and large phrases that he mixes with his hip street slang. He calls the university president "a good eat" and says he has "body vibes" that this is Arizona's year. The Fox has a large opulent office with red velveteen wallpaper and dim lighting all around. He is of the opinion Arizona does not get enough attention.

"Some coaches get rated because of who they are," says The Fox. "Knight, he's one. Indiana and Knight get rated every year just because he's Bobby Knight. I figure I should get rated because I'm The Fox. I'm going to be up there every year because my contacts get me people to stay up.

"The man at UCLA," adds The Fox, referring to John Wooden, "now when he goes, you know who's getting all the dudes from L.A.? You looking at him. The Fox."

Snowden is from Detroit and grew up with the Four Tops and the Temptations. He used to run sandwiches up to Charlie Parker at the Bluebird Inn and sit at the knee of Joe Louis. Tucson was a big change.

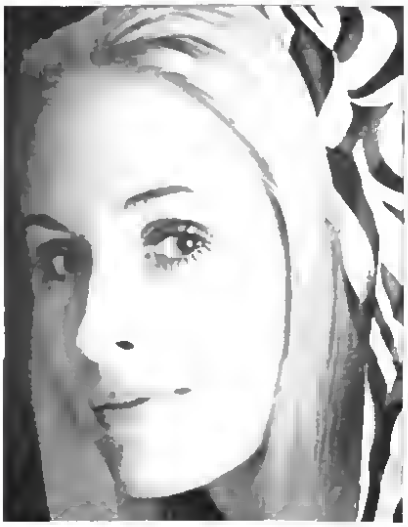
"It isn't my life-style," says The Fox, "but it's where I had to come to get a chance. I miss the little black things. Having my hair styled by my own guy. Listening to my sounds on a black station. My daughter misses *Soul Train* and the black dancers. I love *Soul Train*.

"My man, Tucson folk are the greatest in the world, but we had to work like hell to get them. I didn't come all this way to lose, can you dig it? People need to get rid of their cowboy syndrome about this league. I was assistant at Michigan, and you telling me the Big Ten is as tough as the WAC? We had four teams that would kick Indiana's butt at the end of last season. Put that down. Put down The Fox was one of them."

Norm Ellenberger of New Mexico, The Hippie, has a beauteous wife named Judy, some children, a pet timber wolf named Sasha, an adobe hacienda to put them all in and many irons in the fire of the burgeoning business of Indian jewelry. The Hippie is the Newman-Redford among coaches, a man of such striking looks and charisma that his picture, hanging in Albuquerque restaurants, must be guarded lest it be defaced with scribbled *I love him*s.

The Hippie wears faded jeans, a mustache and shades "to keep the image." The walls of his remodeled office are cov-

continued



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ered with white shag carpet; there are several mirrors on one of them. "Rule One is, No player can look better than the coach," says The Hippie. "If I don't like his hair or clothes, they're out."

Ellenberger favors turquoise rings, silver bracelets, heishi-shell necklaces and deep-decolletage gaucho shirts as game outfits. He put turquoise into the Lobo uniforms and around the court, then won *the WAC last year despite internal difficulties* that included one player being arrested for stealing a bicycle and another picked up for shoplifting.

"We weren't a flaky bunch," says The Hippie. "We had substance. We were winners before anything else. Nothing happened on this team that surprised us. 'Know thyself' is the proper phrase."

"Look, I'm no rehabilitator, I'm just a small-town Indiana farm guy who coached in a station-wagon league before this. I thought I'd have to apply for a visa to come to New Mexico, but when I saw it I knew this was what I had been looking for all my life."

In two years Ellenberger has speeded up the Lobo offense and played tight D. His practices are efficient and tough, and he uses 10 men a game.

"First thing I told them was, 'We are going upstream and everyone better have a paddle,' " he says. "They all contribute. If they don't, they're gone."

"The WAC has no gloss to it. When we recruit, mother thinks son is going off to the end of the world like Columbus. Nobody grows up wanting to go to New Mexico. But look at this—our last open spaces. You got to love it."

The Hippie is going home to feed the wolf. He finishes, "Where else can you find a live mascot who hates referees?"

He should know better than anyone. In El Paso.

Don Haskins of UTEP, The Bear, is a mammoth man, going to 280 pounds during the season. The Bear has been known to eat four dinners on game night. He chain-smokes on the practice floor. He plays scratch golf with Lee Trevino. He runs whole pool racks backhanded.

The Bear can explain 58 ways his team will lose its opener to Sul Ross State. He probably holds the national record for technical fouls and getting kicked out in a career, a game, a minute. WAC referees are under special orders not to let him intimidate them. Fat chance. At taking street players and molding them into workable defensive units, The Bear might be the best who ever lived.

"You look like a damn junior-high team. Get the damn bass drum out here," Haskins roars at his young troops.

"Sure I get on 'em," he says. "I get on officials, too. But I deserve about half my reputation. If I'm not gettin' on 'em, my trainer is antagonizin' me enough to get on 'em. And then if I don't, he does."

Antagonizin' UTEP trainer Ross Moore was once almost expelled from a game himself. "You throwin' my trainer out?" The Bear cried to the referee. "Sack up the balls," he called to the manager. The trainer stayed.

An Oklahoma State player under Hank Iba, The Bear coached in the Texas truck stops of Benjamin, Hedley and Dumas before coming to El Paso. Once he got there, a local man told him, "You can kick rear against Arizona State. They don't cover nobody." Then Haskins looked up the previous year's score: ASU 119, UTEP 103. It has been defense at UTEP ever since.

That defense finished in the top five nationally in Haskins' first four years. Then he won the 1966 national championship in a shocking upset, only to be trailed by such ahuse since then that, he says, "Sometimes I wish we had finished second."

The Bear says of defense, "If you get five guys who can pick up their feet and run down the floor and hustle, nohody should get 90 off you—nobody. Hell, we could be playing like a sack o' cats and still stop people from getting the cheap ones on breaks and stuff.

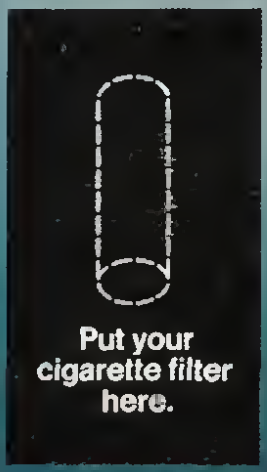
"They talk bad about our league in the East? Damn. When we joined the WAC I knew how tough it was. In '66 *we played just about everybody in it.* New Mexico had us down 16 at half up there, and we came back to win in overtime. We got to the finals against this Kentucky, which was scoring a whole bunch, 88 points a game, and I saw them and said if we stop the break, they won't get 65. Which is exactly what they got, and they shouldn't have got that.

"I tell you what," says The Bear, "I'd rather play Kentucky three times a week than play New Mexico at all."

Somewhere across the mountains one can almost hear The Fox and The Hippie and a few other mad WAC addicts whooping it up over that one, with cowboy hats flying, Indian heads dancing and six-guns smoking.

CONTINUED

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1 LOUISVILLE

Louisville is located barely below the Mason-Dixon Line, but its citizens drawl in the Deep South manner of Scarlett and Rhett. Their talk is soft around the edges, with none of the nasal sound from the surrounding hills that conjures images of cars jacked up on cement blocks in the front yard. The natives rhyme the name of their city: "Lull-vull." Most of the rest of the country says, "Louie-ville," and when Denny Crum arrived three years ago, he called it "Lewis-ville."

That immediately marked Crum as a foreigner of the most deplorable sort, not necessarily a good thing to be in proud and provincial Louisville. But it turned out to be a pardonable transgression because Lull-vullers quickly found out that Crum knew a lot about two beloved local traditions, basketball and winning.

In Crum's first two years at the University of Louisville, he coached the Cardinals to 49 victories. Last season they won 21, despite playing with a front line of Mickey Rooneys. No one was over 6′5″. Now bigger and deeper, they are the front-runners for the NCAA championship next March.

And running is Crum's game. His players need steel-belted radial sneakers the way they ignore speed limits. Their best ploy could be called, "Everybody Go Deep," with sophomore Wesley Cox taking the ball out of bounds and throwing it the length of the court to a streaking teammate. If that doesn't work, Louisville runs its offense. "We have one set play," says Guard Terry Howard.

Crum is 37 years old, and this is his first head coaching job after a long stint as an assistant to UCLA's John Wooden. Obviously, he is off to a good start. During his brief tenure at Louisville he has concentrated on amassing talent and this year the Cardinals have all they need. Nine of the first 10 players of a year ago are returning. Two others, Guard Phillip Bond and 6′9″ senior Center Bill Bunton, who missed last season because of illness and injured grades respectively, again are healthy. Louisville has added a 6′10″ freshman center named Ricky Gallon who, Crum claims, is the best thing to come out of Florida since the orange. "I can play 10 different guys with the first unit," he says. "We have more flexibility than ever before."

Last year's Cardinals had a big problem at center—they did not have one. Crum used Cox, his most gifted player, but at 6′5″ even he was giving away too much height. Louisville had to struggle to get any rebound that did not first bounce on the floor. Bunton's return to the middle will allow Cox to move outside. Wesley averaged 14 points per game and eight rebounds playing out of position and was considered by some, not all of them citizens of Lull-vull, the best freshman in the country. As a forward, he should be merely devastating.

As valuable as Bunton is apt to be this season, he may be challenged for his starting job before March rolls around. Gallon is only 17 years old and needs experience, but he is 6′10″ and can jump higher than anyone on the team.

Even with Cox and the two centers, Allen Murphy and Junior Bridgeman remain the nucleus of the team. Three years ago, when the University of Kentucky was getting all of the publicity for its "great" freshman team, Crum scoffed and said he would not trade Murphy or Bridgeman for any of the UK players. Those frosh are all seniors now, and Kentucky has another great team, but it's in Louisville, not Lexington.

Bridgeman was named Player of the Year in the Missouri Valley Conference last season. His roommate, Murphy, led the Cardinals in scoring, hitting 61% of his shots in league games, and he is the team's best defensive player.

Bridgeman is a psychology major, which may explain the unobtrusive way he moves around the floor, keeping the opposition only subliminally aware of his presence. "He's a quiet player," says Indiana's Quinn Buckner, "but at the end of the game he has 20 points, 10 rebounds, five assists, a couple of steals."

These two players are the major factors in the Cardinals' extraordinary flexibility. Bridgeman, 6′5″, plays guard on offense; 6′5″ Murphy is there on defense. "We can take advantage of the other team's weakness," says Bridgeman of the confusion the interchangeability causes. "I might wind up with a little guard on me, and Allen can beat those big forwards all day."

The Cardinals' first challenge will be to survive the initial weeks of the season relatively unscathed. Crum's teams never have won an opening game, and this year's schedule does not make an early victory easy to come by. Louisville begins with contests against Houston, Dayton, Clemson, Florida State and Marquette. Four of them are on the road. From there on, things are more favorable. The Cardinals should take their third Missouri Valley title under Crum and arrive at San Diego for the NCAA championships as the team to beat.

All of which should put to rest any skepticism that still lingers in Louisville about the outlander from the West Coast who has come to coach there. When Crum arrived, people suspected that he was just stopping off on his way to taking over at UCLA when Wooden retired. Last year Louisville tore up his contract and gave him a new five-year deal. Crum then bought a 232-acre farm where he can fish, hunt and ride his motorcycle. He likes Lull-vull, and it likes him, because they speak the same language. They both love winning basketball.

Interchangeable stars Murphy and Bridgeman let Louisville's campus centerpiece ponder an NCAA title.

CONTINUED


THE THINKER
BY AUGUSTE RODIN


44

2 NO. CAROLINA STATE

Tobacco Road has not been the same these eight months since North Carolina State slew the bear and liberated the national championship from UCLA. First, there was all that hardware to admire. By the reckoning of the Associated Press, the team of the year also had the player of the year in David Thompson and the coach of the year in Norman Sloan. That meant trophies all around, followed by an orgy of clinics, camps, speeches, public appearances, dinners and charity drives. For a while the Wolfpack players and coaches hardly knew where their next autograph hound was coming from.

"All of a sudden," says Sloan, fat and happy as he begins his 23rd year of coaching, "I was very smart. I knew a lot of basketball. I was in great demand. I had to get an unlisted telephone."

The Wolfpack's 30-1 championship season provoked such enthusiasm in Raleigh that the players returned home to a prime-time televised pep rally. The sports information office answered publicity requests from as far away as Switzerland, and when the team toured the Far East in August, it was accorded Marco Polo treatment. Only around the Atlantic Coast Conference, where never is heard an encouraging word, was the response cold. "We still have to recruit against them," said one bitter victim of State's record 32-game winning streak in the ACC. "Besides, they went on probation two years ago to do it."

All the attention, good and bad, has had its effect, good and bad, on Sloan. "I know you have to pay your dues, but it got to be ridiculous," he says. "A shopping center would want to have a day for the team. It always turned out to be a day for the shopping center. A family might invite a couple of players to dinner, and when they got there they'd find 50 people waiting to meet them."

No one was in greater demand than the wondrous 6'4" forward, Thompson, twice a consensus All-America and heir apparent to the ACC's career scoring record. By Sloan's estimate, a less principled young man could have gleaned $50,000 from the glad-handers who sought to win his friendship by greasing his palm, not to mention the $2 million he could have picked up by signing with the Philadelphia 76ers. He rejected that offer just as he had a $1.5-million bid the year before.

"David will be all-pro the first season," says Sloan. "He's worth more money than any player ever. Not just because of his basketball ability, but also because he's the kind of young man he is. You become a better person just by being around him."

David Thompson is special, whether on the court or off. Since coming to North Carolina State he has played in 108 games, of which his team has won 105. He remains, refreshingly, as considerate as ever, giving freely of his time to those who call upon it, from prisoners to reporters. He rarely says no. "The demands have been great, but overall it's been nice," he says. "I'm in no hurry to leave."

This is not the same reticent youngster who arrived on the North Carolina State campus three years ago. He accepts the acclaim and attention more naturally now. Without being a show-off, he has the showman's ability to please the paying customers.

Thompson claims no special stature for himself, but he recognizes talent in others. "Great players can just play their normal games and be very good," he says. "Those are the ones who have the ability to make basketball an art. It comes natural for them. But not for me—I have to work at it."

His close friend, tiny playmaker Monte Towe, says, "David is always one of the first to want to play a pickup game. He's worked hard to refine his skills. He doesn't try to be showy. He just goes out to win."

Thompson has gone out to win 58 times as a varsity player and he has failed only once. His graceful presence all but guarantees similar success this year, despite the loss of Center Tom Burleson from last season's lineup.

For a while Burleson seemed suitably replaced by Tommy Barker, another 7-footer and the nation's outstanding junior-college player last year. But Barker changed his mind about coming to State and ended up in Hawaii instead.

Without the services of a "receiver," as Sloan calls the Maypoles in the middle, the Wolfpack is a different team, though not necessarily a lesser one. State was able to test a speedy, pressing lineup of two guards and three forwards in the Far East and again in September against the Russians. After coaching 13 victories in 14 games Sloan felt quite pleased with the adjustment.

The 5'7" Towe will once again beat presses, bomb from outside and defy all reason in the process. And underrated Moe Rivers now has a chance to gain some identity. "I can understand being in the shadow of David and Monte, but don't forget I've got some natural talent," he says earnestly.

The three forwards are Thompson, left free by Sloan to do what he wants when he wants, 6'7" senior Tim Stoddard and either 6'8" junior Phil Spence or 6'7" freshman whiz Kenny Carr.

"We're going to have a fine team," says Sloan, with the assurance of a man who knows one when he sees one. "These are good players. I've never been more relaxed, and the team is the same way. It isn't like last year when we had the anxiety of wanting to do something for the first time. I can take time to smell the roses."

This year State could catch the bouquet again.

CONTINUED

Drawing cheers with a routine above-the-rim leap, 6'4" Thompson is the year's best, most exciting player

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



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3 INDIANA

You can almost hear the cadence, "Hup, two, three," as Indiana University marches onto the floor. Precision, discipline and self-sacrifice are the team's best players, and if the Hoosiers have the kind of year they are capable of, the military might regain its good name.

Indiana has everything it needs to win its battles: size, speed, experience and a defense that could hardly be more effective if the players used bayonets. And the Hoosiers have a commander who is no Sergeant Bilko. Bobby Knight earned his general's stars while coaching at West Point and his blood-and-guts approach to basketball shows it.

Knight has 12 of 14 lettermen back from a team that was 23-5, tied for the Big Ten title and then lost the playoff game to Michigan. Indiana went on to win the CCA's runner-up tournament in St. Louis. Now the Hoosiers are concentrating on making sure they do not miss this year's war games in San Diego.

Their key man is Kent Benson, a 6'10", 230-pounder who is commonly described as being "no Bill Walton." The only real resemblance between the two early last season was their red hair, but Benson's detractors forget that Walton did not start at UCLA in his first year because freshmen were not eligible then. Benson did play as a regular, improved game by game and wound up being the Most Valuable Player in the St. Louis tournament. As a soph he is quicker and decidedly more self-confident.

Another player who profited from last year's combat is Forward Scott May. The 6'7" junior gunned in 12 straight baskets during an intrasquad game a few weeks ago and he fits in perfectly with Knight's pass-and-cut offense that leads defenders through a Maginot Line of screens and picks.

At the other corner is Steve Green, slow afoot, but deadly of eye. He made 55% of his field-goal tries as a junior, the best percentage among Indiana's platoon of sharpshooters. Five of the team's first seven players hit near or better than 50% from the floor.

One of the two who did not was all-international Guard Quinn Buckner. For two years Knight threatened and cajoled Buckner about his insistence on wearing football pads while the rest of the basketball team conducted fall drills. This season Buckner did not play football and Knight feels he has a head start on Operation Field Goal.

Playing alongside Buckner could be John Laskowski, the Hoosiers' assist leader who was used as a sixth man most of last year but moved into the starting lineup at the end of the season. Now it is likely he will surrender permanently his reserve's title to Bob Wilkerson, a 6'6" junior who can be used at guard, forward or center.

Indiana has shown improvement in each of three seasons under Knight, winning 17, 22 and 23 games and capturing at least a share of the Big Ten title the last two times. Even though winning the league is hardly a certainty, the Hoosiers already are talking about an assault on the NCAA championship. They have the guns to do it.

4 UCLA

A reporter called John Wooden the other day and asked, "Can UCLA come back?" Feigning puzzlement but surely having understood, Wooden answered, "Where have we been?"

For the first spring, summer and fall in eight years, where UCLA has been is off the throne and in the thick of also-random. How does it feel coming into a season as just another challenger? "No different," Wooden insisted. "We don't live in the past. We never made reference to the national championship when we won. We don't make reference to it now that we've lost."

Be that as it may, the Bruins are burning for the chance to come back, to show what they can do without Bill Walton, Keith Wilkes and the rest of the gang that won 88 straight and set college basketball on its ear.

Because of past standards, coming back means all the way, and that will be some task. For the first time since the Bruin reign began, UCLA has neither a dominant force in the middle nor an experienced leader in backcourt. And in October the team suffered a severe blow when illness benched promising sophomore Forward Marques Johnson.

Nevertheless, the Bruins are not yet Teddy bears. They do have some strength left—such as size, speed and talented players. Seven-foot-one Ralph Drollinger returns from a summer of mountain climbing to take over full-time at center where he filled in admirably for Walton. Senior Dave Meyers and sophomore Rich Washington hold down the corners. Meyers claws the backboards like a 6'8" wildcat. In the 6'9" Washington, he has a running mate of unlimited potential. Many observers compared last year's freshman pair of Johnson and Washington with the young Curtis Rowe-Sidney Wicks combination of several seasons ago. Rowe played the solid, workman role and Wicks was the uncertain child of brilliance. If Johnson cannot come back from his mild hepatitis—and Wooden is not counting on his return—Washington, often lazy in his first season, must take over as rapidly as Wicks did to fill the void.

Similarly, Andre McCarter, the quicksilver enigma in backcourt, will be a marked man. Since coming to Westwood from Philadelphia, the 6'3" McCarter has always played out of control, failed to adapt to Wooden's style and never shot well. With a starting position finally in hand, he is trying hard now and seems to be assuming a leadership role. Six-foot-five Pete Trgovich and little Jimmy Spillane will share backcourt time with McCarter, depending on how much Wooden needs Spillane's shooting or Trgovich's defense.

Though Swingman Gavin Smith is coming along, nobody seems possessed of that ideal "sixth-man spark" Wooden covets. As a result, the Bruins are no longer very deep, and the Pacific Eight is even talking about a conference race. Still, UCLA is UCLA. That might be enough.

5 SO. CAROLINA

Silver cuff links are in order for dapper Frank McGuire, whose 25th college team should be among his most sterling. It seems almost certain that South Carolina will enjoy its seventh straight 20-win season and earn its fifth consecutive NCAA tournament bid. But that does not indicate a thing about the Gamecocks' prospects once the postseason shooting begins. McGuire's St. John's team reached the national finals in 1952, and his North Carolina club won it all five years later, but with the Roosters it has been one early-round disappointment after another.

This South Carolina contingent breaks with the past in several respects, so there is hope that its tournament record also might change. The most recent Gamecock teams looked as if they all had hatched from the same egg: deliberate on offense, zone on defense, high scoring in the backcourt and thin on the bench. And, oh yes, a whole lot of New York-New Jersey kids saying, "Youse guys" in a region dominated by "Y'alls."

Times have changed. McGuire has netted enough fast-breaking, quick-handed, all-round talent to stock two contenders. And some of the best actually were raised on grits, not corned beef and cabbage. Junior Forward Alexander English, the leading returning scorer with an 18-point average, comes from right there in Columbia, where USC is located. So does 6'4" sophomore Nate Davis, the first man off the bench and, most likely, the first to jump clear out of Carolina Coliseum. The best player, 6'9" Center Tommy Boswell, transferred from South Carolina State where he averaged 24 points and 17 rebounds a game as a sophomore two years ago.

The remaining Yankees are just dandy, too. Freshman Jack Gilloon comes from New Jersey with ball-handling moves and long hair remindful of Pete Maravich. His arrival at the point position shifts Brooklyn's Mike Dunleavy to shooting guard. Dunleavy averaged 16 a game last year while setting things up for the lone graduate, Brian Winters. Joining Boswell and English on the formidable starting frontline is New Yorker Bob Mathias, a rugged 6'7" junior.

Add to this abundance a superior bench including defense-minded Mark Greiner, freshman Guard Billy Truitt, who is the team's best shooter, and fine playmaker Jimmy Walsh, and it's no wonder that McGuire is optimistic. "I'm expecting us to do well," he says, adding himself to that assessment now that he has recovered from a serious stomach disorder that caused him to miss five games last year. "We have a lot of possibilities, in what we can do and how far we can go."

McGuire has not been quite so upbeat about the Gamecocks' prospects since the John Roche teams, those marvelous clubs of a few years back that began the dual traditions of 20-game winners and failures in the clutch. Once again, the question for South Carolina is not how, but how far.

6 KANSAS

Cover your eyes, all you tradition-minded University of Kansas fans, because here they come now, marching down Jayhawk Boulevard and into your local X-rated movie house. Danny Knight and Rick Suttle, those twin 6'10" towers from over at Allen Field House have teamed up in the soon-to-be-released epic *Linda Lovelace for President*.

In recent interviews Knight and Suttle have gone to great lengths to create the impression that they co-starred with Lovelace. But Jayhawk rooters who missed the filming in Lawrence and do not plan to see the picture can breathe easy: their young heroes were only extras who carried a parade banner.

Still, those who want to see more of Knight and Suttle appearing together had better plan on going to the film. After platooning them for two years, Coach Ted Owens toyed with the notion that he had enough swifties at other positions to accommodate two lumbering big men in the lineup at once. But he has changed his mind. The luxury of being able to keep a player like Suttle on the bench indicates that Owens could lend three or four men to Kansas State and still win the Big Eight again.

Besides Knight and Suttle, three other double-figure scorers return: 6'6" Roger Morningstar, 6'8" Norman Cook and 6'3" Dale Greenlee. Morningstar is the forward with the baby face and the Indian name who turns on in pressure situations; Cook is the one who made 10 out of 10 shots in his college debut last year; Greenlee is a mid-America boy-next-door who makes A's in the classroom and would not dream of missing a free throw or an open jump shot.

Hot after the other backcourt job is Rick Bussard, once Morningstar's junior-college teammate. Where that leaves 6-foot freshman Milt Gibson, the outstanding high school player in the Southwest from Roswell, N.M., is a good question. Owens is also excited about two other freshmen guards, Marc Fletcher and Clint Johnson. Eight of his top 12 players hail from Illinois, which may explain why the Illini won only five games last season.

Owens' 10-year record at Kansas is a handsome 191-83, including six postseason tournaments, and last season's Jayhawk team made it to the NCAA semifinals. But all those successes cannot overcome the humiliation Owens still feels about the 78-61 NCAA consolation game loss to UCLA's second team after the Jayhawks led Walton & Co. by seven at the half.

"I decided right there and then that when we came back to the NCAA's the next time, we would be better prepared," says Owens. "And I think we are. The other day I heard Morningstar and Greenlee talking about winning *them all*. They've already figured out that would make us 30-0, so I know I've got a job of coaching ahead of me." If he pulls it off, it will be a show even the most staid Kansans will love to watch.

7 ALABAMA

Alabama basketball has come a long way in six years, as Evelyn Newton, wife of Coach C. M. Newton, was reminded the other day when she made a trip to the cleaners. "Oh, you mean you're Mrs. *Newton*, the basketball coach's wife?" she was asked by the young woman behind the counter. "Well then, I've got to put tissue paper in the sleeves of these jackets before you can take them home. We've always done that for Coach Bryant, so I've got to start doing it for you, too."

Bear Bryant is also the Alabama athletic director and intensely interested in basketball, particularly now that Newton has made Alabama a power in the Southeast Conference and helped it capture the last two SEC all-sports trophies.

That represents a big change from 1968-69, Newton's first year as coach, when the Crimson Tide won only one conference game and set up C. M. for an almost perfect growth curve. From that 4-20 starting point Alabama grew to 22-4 last year. Bama finished 10-9-8 in the SEC during Newton's first three seasons and has been 3-2-1 the last three.

Unfortunately, last year's 15-3 conference mark was not good enough to win the title outright, and that cost Alabama its first NCAA bid. Vanderbilt, also 15-3, was the conference representative at the tournament as a result of its two close victories over Alabama during the season. And as host of the Mideast regionals, Alabama was obliged by NCAA rules to stay home and pass out ham

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sandwiches while the Commissioners Tournament and the NIT filled their draws with lesser teams. With Alabama out of action, the tournament crowds missed seeing an exciting team whose fast break and bruising board game had defeated Louisville and South Carolina on consecutive nights.

Gone from that bunch is playmaking Guard Ray Odums, whose misfortune it was to miss a wide-open layup that would have beaten Vandy early in the season. Otherwise, everything is the same, except that corn rows have taken the place of Afros as the semiofficial team hair style. Newton will replace Odums with the best player in the conference, 6'5½" senior Charles Cleveland, who has played guard off and on and will now team full time with 6'4" sophomore Theodore Roosevelt Dunn, who carries a big stick on defense and played more minutes than anybody on the team as a freshman. Newton did not recruit the big rebounding forward of his dreams, but he is happy with 6'4" Charles (Boonie) Russell and skinny 6'8" Rickey Brown. In the middle of this all-Alabama-born-and-bred lineup is the hulk, 6'10", 230-pound Leon Douglas. He averaged 15 points and 10 rebounds last year with a .602 shooting percentage and 78 blocked shots.

Newton's bench is loaded with more Alabama folks like Johnny Dill, Anthony Murray and Leroy Russell. His opponents are going to find C. M. taking them for his special treatment at the cleaners.

8 PENNSYLVANIA

Now is the time for all good Ivy Leaguers to come to the aid of their conference. For too long the critics have gone unchallenged. How, they ask, can a league play winning basketball when it does not grant athletic scholarships and tells its freshmen to go play with their friends? There are several answers, but the easiest is Pennsylvania. Competing in Philadelphia's prestigious Big Five as well as the Ivies, the Quakers attract honest-to-goodness scholar/athletes. Over the past five years they have won the titles in both groups every season and have had the country's fourth-best overall record (129-19). Only a critic-squashing big win in the NCAA tournament is missing from the Quakers' list of accomplishments. This could be the year.

For one thing, the opening round of the NCAA playoffs will be held in Penn's own gym, the Palestra. Then the action shifts to Providence for the Eastern Regionals, which are being held outside the South for the first time in 18 years. But it's not just fortunate scheduling that gives Penn high hopes of becoming the first Ivy representative since Princeton in 1965 to make the NCAA's final four. Everyone important is back from last year's 21-6 team, and they should cut the losses in half, despite the possibility of playing Indiana and Hawaii in the Rainbow Classic.

The best reason for the Quakers' lofty aspirations is 6'8" senior Ron Haigler, who last year became only the sixth underclassman to be named Big Five Player of the Year. The others were Ken Durrett, John Jones, Howard Porter, Wally Jones and Guy Rodgers. Haigler averaged 17 points in a subdued patterned offense. With Coach Chuck Daly looking to a more freewheeling, run-and-gun attack this season, Haigler's neat, sweet jumpers will be showing up all over shot charts. He scores points off the court, too, where he already has rolled up enough credits to qualify as a high school English teacher.

Six-foot-eight, 215-pound junior John Engles was last season's Rookie of the Year in the East and he bulldozes his way around the basket, plowing up opponents and scooping up rebounds. Penn's most improved player, 6'11" Henry Johnson, and 6'7" Bob Bigelow, who has played every position, will compete for the other frontcourt spot, possibly with 6'6" Larry Lewis, a returning starter who has been slowed by knee injuries.

So far, so good, but the Quakers' problem rarely has been the frontcourt. Last year not even John Beecroft's outstanding free-throw shooting (87.3%) and Ed Stefanski's ball-hawking could prevent defenders from concentrating on the big men. Now joining these 6'1" holdovers is a Penn rarity, a big guard. Six-foot-four Mark Lonetto, a high school All-America who averaged 22 points a game with the Penn freshmen, may be the key to the season. "I won't be able to penetrate as freely as I did last year," he says. "I'll have to stop short and throw up the 15-footer. But I have confidence in that shot." So do his coaches.

Lonetto also was recruited by schools like Notre Dame and North Carolina State. "I'm from around here," he says. "I wanted to play in the Big Five, and Penn has by far the best academic credentials." A statement, and an athlete, to give Ivy critics the creeps.

9 PURDUE

Darkness was rapidly closing in on the Los Angeles suburb of Palos Verdes, and at 2901 Covecrest two old friends took a last look at the ocean and then carried their drinks into the dinette to discuss business. The host was Los Angeles Laker General Manager Fred Schaus, and his guest was George King, the Purdue basketball coach and athletic director. You can guess the business. The pair had just returned from the 1972 NCAA finals at the Sports Arena, and as they sat down King surprised Schaus with a job offer.

"Have you ever thought about getting back into college coaching?" King said. "And would you be interested in coming to Purdue? I can't do justice to both my jobs." Schaus was interested but unwilling to make a commitment until after the NBA playoffs.

"That was the 33-in-a-row Laker team," said Schaus recently, fingering his NBA championship ring. "When we beat the Knicks, it made the Purdue decision easier. The Lakers will always be 'my team,' but my contract had just run out and everything fell into place at Purdue. I love L.A., but it is a rat race these days and our new home here is probably a little nicer than the one we left behind. George King lives practically next door, Ross-Ade Stadium is across the street and my office is only 880 yards away. You better believe I let my good friends out on the freeways hear about that!"

Purdue people do not seem to mind that their coach goes around referring to another team with the personal pronoun "we"; the constant reminders that Schaus was associated with a big winner in the pros only enhances his image among Boilermaker fans. And the NIT championship his team brought back to Indiana last spring boosted Schaus' stock even higher on a football-oriented campus that has had nothing to cheer about except basketball since the 1968-69 season. That was also Purdue's most recent NCAA tournament year, but surely not its last. Schaus'

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present team seems certain to get a bid.

The Big Ten's revised 18-game round-robin eliminates schedule inequities that hurt Purdue last year, such as playing league-favorite Indiana only once—on the road. And the NCAA's expanded, 32-team tournament allows more than one school per conference to compete. That means the Boilermakers need not win the Big Ten to reach the NCAAs, but they just might do it anyhow.

Purdue's starters would not beat a lot of teams five-on-five, but Schaus' first eight or nine are a tenacious lot who play sticky defense. The only constants in the lineup are 6′11″ senior Center John Garrett, a 60% shooter who should increase his 21-point scoring average considerably this year, and 6′2″ Bruce Parkinson, a finely polished quarterback with the knack for delivering the ball to the right man at the right time.

Schaus has a flock of talented forwards to help Garrett rebound and two of them—look-alike freshmen Wayne Walls and Walter Jordan—are dangerous at both ends of the floor. If freshman Guard Eugene Parker can crack the starting lineup by the time the Big Ten season opens, the Boilermakers will be much tougher, and Schaus may even begin addressing them as "we."

10 SOUTHERN CAL.

A few years ago Bob Boyd could have had the Portland Trailblazers' coaching job for the asking. This season he could have moved to Duke. Instead, Boyd signed with Southern Cal for another five years, figuring if he was going to beat his head against a wall, it might as well be a Wooden one. Either Boyd is a blockhead or he's onto something.

What the 6′6″ coach knows is that last year USC won 24 games, came within one horrible half of upsetting UCLA for the Pacific Eight title and another bewildering half from winning the Conference Commissioners runner-up bowl. He knows that this year's Trojans have 10 men from that team plus some outstanding freshmen. And he knows—or he thinks he knows—that this is the year the Bruins can be had. "Washington could do it," he says. "Oregon, Oregon State or us. I like us."

USC drew ohs and ahs last year with an innovative attack variously described as a "vertical offense" and a "hi-lo passing game." It tied up the defense and freed the bustling Trojans for close-in, uncontested shots. Sometimes the team appeared not to be taking enough of these freebies, but it wound up setting school records for field-goal percentage and, more important, total baskets. The Trojans' shooting percentage went up seven points to 50.2, with Gus Williams increasing his accuracy by five points, John Lambert by 12 and Bob Trowbridge and Biff Burrell by 16 apiece. Even Clint Chapman, who had an awful season of bruised knees, weight problems and deficient scoring, shot better than he did the previous winter. Except for junior Trowbridge, this group is USC's terrific freshman class of 1971 all grown up. It defeated UCLA twice as frosh, but did not come close during the Walton years. Already it is being called "The Last Chance Club."

If the 6′10″ Lambert, a handsome devil whom Boyd calls, "My North Carolina-type forward," can shake a tendency to follow good Friday performances with Saturday blahs, and 6′9″ Chapman can play back to his sophomore level, USC will be solid and active in close to the basket. It will be better in backcourt where Burrell, recovered from a broken foot that kept him out of the last eight games a year ago, and the exciting Gus Williams complement each other well. Burrell is an inspirational sort and a terror on defense, while Williams handles scoring (16 points a game) and assists (a total of 141 last year).

Trowbridge will need his impressive muscles to beat off the challenge of 6′7″ freshman Earl (The Whirl) Evans, who could start anywhere and just might here. But it is no disgrace to be a substitute at USC. Boyd wants to use 12 men in every game and he has the bench to do it, including 6′10″ freshman Steve Malovic, who was Arizona's high school player of the year. The Trojans are deep, experienced and very dangerous. They know this is their last chance.

11 DETROIT

The "e" on the end of University of Detroit Coach Dick Vitale's name is silent. That is the only thing silent about Dick Vitale. During Titan practices he sounds off with his built-in-megaphone voice: "Come on. Come on. Keep your body low. Quick. Quick. Quick. Getta good angle. Getta piece of 'im."

His whistle blows. "Freeze," Vitale yells. The Titans instantly become statues, so that their coach can walk among them and point out the error that he has spotted. "Don't penetrate without the ball because you clog the lane you want to open," he tells the offender.

Forward John Long sinks a shot, races downcourt and blocks an opponent's try. Vitale bellows, "Hey. Hey. Hey! Did you see what I saw? Goin' like gangbusters. I don't care if you *are* a freshman, you keep playing like that and nobody'll keep you out of the lineup."

Whistle. "Freeze." Speaking to freshman Turono Anderson, Vitale snarls, "You're not thinking defense."

Titan captain Terry Thomas says, "The coach is such a savage, but he never jams things down your throat. I've gone to five or six banquets with him and he got a standing ovation at each one. He's the most fantastic thing that's ever happened to me."

"You're not supposed to yell at kids, but they accept it from me because I've established a good relationship with them," says Vitale. "We know we can't win without love, without pulling for each other."

Vitale's vitality is catching. Last season, his first at Detroit, the Titans were 17-9. Home attendance was up 60%. A cocktail party raised $5,000 to spruce up the locker room, which now has red and white cabinets and a separate dressing area that is carpeted and stereo-equipped.

This year Vitale may have a 20-game winner. The Titans lost only one regular, and their schedule is a lollipop, including UW Parkside, Hillsdale, Illinois Wesleyan, Wayne State and Grand Valley State. As if that were not enough, the freshmen forced the returning players into double overtime before losing an intrasquad game.

Detroit lacks an imposing center, but 6′8″ Walter Smith and 6′9″ Ron Bostick are adequate, particularly since they will be surrounded by captain Thomas, who is 6′8″ and muscular, and Wilbur Ross, a 51% shooter. Riley Dotson, Laval Perry and Dennis (Shake and Bake) Boyd return at guard and are joined by Larry Russell, a junior college transfer who averaged 25 points last season. Then there are all those freshmen whom Vitale will

continued

be shoe-horning into the lineup. Long, as his practice performance indicated, can play both ends of the floor, and Anderson is a swifty who once scored 29 points against Moses Malone even though he is only 6'3". And those two are merely the best of a crew of five exceptional newcomers. No wonder Vitale's excited.

12 MARYLAND

To become the North Carolina State of the East, Maryland must replace the three big men it lost to the pros—Tom McMillen, Len Elmore and Moses Malone. Elmore, the leading rebounder in Terrapin history, now toils for the Indiana Pacers, while McMillen, Maryland's highest career scorer, commutes from his Rhodes scholar's desk at Oxford to play for a team in Italy.

Malone's case was different. The million-dollar baby from Petersburg (Va.) High School was not on campus long enough to go through freshman orientation, much less commencement. He took the money and ran all the way to Utah. "If somebody had offered me a million not to go to Duke, I wouldn't have gone either," says Coach Lefty Driesell. "I just hope this doesn't set a precedent. It could ruin college basketball."

With Elmore and McMillen, the Terrapins won 81% of their games the past three years, including 23 of 28 last season. The addition of Malone and the return of three other starters would have kept Maryland on the same pace. "We were a two-man offense last year," says Driesell. "Everything was built around McMillen and John Lucas. With Moses, it would have been the same. Now we'll need more balance."

The Terrapins still possess a superior backcourt led by Lucas, the cocky, 20-point-per-game-scorer. His running mate is another junior, Mo Howard. "No question Mo is the second-best guard in the country," says Lucas, leaving little doubt as to who he feels is the best, an assessment that is probably correct. "I'd like to give him my confidence and have his jumping ability."

Howard answers philosophically, "You've got to be a seed before you can be a flower. On a team with Luke, I'm willing to be a seed. Sure, I'd like to try the last shot in a close game. But Luke says, 'I'll *make* the last shot.' "

Since last season Lucas has proved himself to be the best tennis player in the ACC and the outstanding basketball player in two international tournaments. The first was the world championships in Puerto Rico. The other was played in Mexico City, where the Terrapins captured the Intercontinental Cup Games over five non-U.S. professional teams.

Mexico gave Maryland a rare opportunity to test its new lineup. The best frontcourt man is 6'9" senior Owen Brown. He is joined by 6'6" Steve Sheppard, New York's top prep player two years ago who was academically ineligible last season. The center is 6'9" senior Tom Roy, foul-prone and an uncertain scorer despite a long apprenticeship.

"Our guards are the best, but if Roy doesn't do the job, we won't have that good a team," says Driesell.

Lucas, of course, is more positive. "We have talent," he says. "This is our year."

13 DEPAUL

It was almost inevitable that from Bill Walton's knapsack would come forth a generation of college centers with counterculture proclivities, and DePaul apparently has the first of the line in 6'11" freshman Dave Corzine.

Like Walton, Corzine is a fresh-air fanatic. When he strolled barefoot into a literary and dramatic arts class recently, his professor nearly threw him out, and probably would have if the temperature had not been a chilly 50° outside. To please Coach Ray Meyer, Corzine did have his hair "trimmed" before practice began, but his blond natural is still the equal of any Afro on campus. His regular school clothes are jeans and a T shirt worn under a leather trenchcoat that must have required the hides of two steers. On the court, however, there is nothing odd about Corzine's game. He has good moves to the hoop, a 15-foot jump shot that goes in and the assured look of a future star.

"Dave does have a mind of his own," says 6'9" Forward Andy Pancratz, who played with Corzine in high school. "But he's not likely to go in for things like macrobiotic diets in the near future. The kid eats like a horse."

Corzine was a callow sophomore at Hersey High School in the Chicago suburb of Arlington Heights when he scored 54 points in one game and first attracted the attention of neighbor Meyer and the rest of the nation's coaches. DePaul had to win an intense recruiting battle to persuade him to become its tallest player since George Mikan enrolled in 1942. Corzine should lead the Blue Demons into the NCAA tournament for the first time in 10 years, though it will not be an easy task. DePaul opens the season at UCLA, plays Washington State and Providence on the road, takes on Marquette home and away and has games in claustrophobia-inducing Alumni Hall against Manhattan and Notre Dame.

Fortunately for Corzine, he will have plenty of help, since Pancratz and three other starters are back from a 16-9 team. Rounding out the front court is 6'7" Bill Robinzine. He and Pancratz missed the first 10 games last season because of an NCAA suspension; DePaul was 5-5 without them, 11-4 after their return. For relief up front, Meyer will call on 6'4" sophomore Ron Norwood, a transfer from Essex County (N.J.) Junior College who could also start at guard except that he is not really needed there. Last year's regular backcourt men are both capable of 25-to-30 point nights. Nettlesome Greg Boyd is only 5'9", but he can peck away from the outside or sneak in for a layup. Cool Jim Bocinsky sometimes concludes practice with a little game of one-on-one against girl friend Lynn Metz, a DePaul cheerleader.

Corzine is not so lucky. Meyer has him skipping rope, jumping over benches, shooting hook shots with either hand and playing one-on-one against a little man for an extra half hour every day. The ritual, except for some dancing lessons, is the same one Meyer used to make a player of Mikan.

"We thought DePaul was out of the running for Corzine," says Meyer, who has now won 494 games in 32 seasons. "But I live right near the family and his parents told me, 'Please be aggressive in recruiting our son. He is an only child and we would like him to play close to home.' That's the kind of good family he comes from, the kind that puts up lights on their house at Christmastime."

By then jolly old Ray Meyer should have victory No. 500 tucked safely away in a knapsack of his own.

14 MEMPHIS STATE

Memphis is a city famous for good music. It began with jazz down on now-faded and tacky Beale Street and continues today with recording stars like Isaac Hayes and Al Green. But the sweetest sounds this winter could be the rhythmic swish of basketballs dropping through the nets as Memphis State drums opponents into the floor and heads for a lofty spot on the charts. In fact, MSU is so heavily laden with talent that new Coach Wayne Yates may have trouble persuading his players that the best way to the top is through teamwork.

After five years as an assistant coach, Yates took over when Gene Bartow left last spring for Illinois. He quickly signed up a flock of players who jump so high that they need clearance to land. The group includes junior college transfers Marion (Elevator) Hillard, David Brown and John Tunstall, plus widely-sought freshman John Gunn. The newcomers join the nucleus of last year's team that played like a band of squabbling gypsies on the road and lost nine times away from home. Still, the Tigers were good enough at home for a 19-11 record and a trip to the NIT.

Point Guard Bill Laurie is one of three key players missing from that club. He likely will be replaced by flashy Dexter Reed, a star as a freshman when he led MSU in scoring; he is so good that he still should get plenty of points even while filling the role of playmaker.

The Tigers expect even better things from 6'5" Bill Cook, a sure all-star pick in the Weight Watchers league. Cook puffed to 215 pounds last year, was hampered by injuries and still averaged 16 points. This season his weight is down 30 pounds after two months on a simple diet: he ate practically nothing. "It was amazing, I thought I was going to starve," he says.

Memphis State has a host of fierce rebounders. Hillard and Gunn, both 6'9", seem to have the inside track on the double post positions, although 6'10" letterman John Washington might disagree. "Gunn dominates practice," Yates says. "And he picks on the seniors."

The Tigers lacked cohesion last year and the rate at which they conserved energy on defense made them a model for these days of shortage. Ensuring that everyone hustles this season will be Yates' toughest task.

All of MSU's home games last year, including the two losses, were played before vociferous sellout crowds. This year's record should be even better, since the schedule is as soft as a senior citizen's diet. Memphis State plays 18 games in the Mid-South Coliseum, and some of the opponents are Montclair State, Wisconsin at Green Bay and Missouri at St. Louis. Even the most rabid MSU fans should have heard enough sweet sounds to be ready to go home by halftime.

The real test will come during the postseason tournament. If Yates can convince his players to hold out their hands on defense instead of on offense, the Tigers could be a jazzy band. Otherwise, they'll be playing the blues.

15 NO. CAROLINA

Almost all of the factors that made North Carolina's helter-skelter, musical-chairs style of play so successful in recent years—speed, depth and experience—seem to be missing this season. Fortunately for Coach Dean Smith, the most important ingredient remains. Overall talent. Highly recruited, blue-chip, put-the-ball-in-the-hole talent. It is the kind that has given the Tar Heels an .800 winning percentage since 1967.

Like most superstructures, North Carolina possesses a foundation secure enough to withstand all but the most treacherous winds of competition. The Tar Heels will remain among the title contenders in the stormy ACC despite the graduation of their two leading scorers, Bobby Jones and Darrell Elston, the medical discharge of starting Guard Ray Harrison and the academic demise of Donald Washington, who failed for the second time to regain his eligibility.

"When you consider who we lost, you really can't say anything about our team will be better," says Smith. "There's no prosperity around here like there has been. Some people are even saying that Carolina is dead. Well, that just isn't so. We're used to winning, and we will keep on doing it because this is a good team. A different team from what I've had in the past, but a good one just the same.

"Our defense, for instance, might not produce turnovers that have given us so many easy baskets. But I can't believe I'll ever have a bad defensive team. That's the biggest challenge to me, getting the defense up to par."

North Carolina has plenty of quality players, but not enough to allow another "Blue Team" of third stringers to race en masse onto the floor to hassle the opposition for two or three minutes every game. And the talent is young as well as thin. Only two of the first seven players are seniors.

The Tar Heels are strongest in the frontcourt where 6'9" junior Mitch Kupchak, 6'8" sophomore Tom LaGarde and 6'5" sophomore Walter Davis should start. With increased playing time, aggressive Kupchak might blossom into a superior center. Last year he averaged in double figures and was the team's second leading rebounder. Davis did not start until late in the season, but still averaged 14 points a game. Like another Tar Heel swing man, Charlie Scott, he can be explosive. Ed Stahl, a 6'10" senior, will play a lot. He shoots like a guard, but often rebounds like one, too.

A paucity of experienced backcourt men makes it easy for freshman Phil Ford to assume a starting role. Ford averaged 31 points per game in high school and wowed his teammates in the preseason. Sophomore John Kuester, the kind of hard-nosed hustler Smith likes, should also start.

Adversity has made these Carolinians more cohesive than last year's team. And as Smith's many unselfish squads of the past have proved, a good bunch of Tar Heels who stick together can gum up the opposition almost every time.

16 ARIZONA

Coach Fred (The Fox) Snowden (*page 41*), who leads the league, if not the country, in optimism, says this will be his best Wildcat team yet and "one of the five best in America by the end of the season." The Fox is way up there in hyperbole, too; he calls Forward Al Fleming "the finest example of superior skill, dedication to coaches, compassion and love for teammates and fellow human beings that I have ever coached." Fleming also shot an NCAA-leading .667 in 1973-74, which doesn't hurt.

What will hurt Arizona's chances of winning the Western Athletic Conference

continued

championship that has eluded Snowden two years running—the 'Cats flopped in the season finale both times—is the absence of the two leading scorers who helped put Tucson on the basketball map. When Eric Money and Coniel Norman went pro via the hardship draft, they took along 42 points a game.

Offense continues to be the priority. ("Defense," the standard WAC lampoon of Snowden's philosophy goes, "is what you put up to keep the dogs out of the yard.") But this time the attack shifts from outside to what Snowden calls, "Rasslin' the boards and banging it home." In the 6'8", 215-pound Fleming and the 6'10", 225-pound Bob (Big Bird) Elliott, an impressive scorer and rebounder as a freshman, the Wildcats have the muscle to get that done. There is even talk of moving Elliott, an awesome customer in the post, to the corner to make more use of 6'10" Bob Aleksa, 6'8" Jerome Gladney and 6'8" Phil Taylor in close. Aleksa, a rock of Lithuanian extraction, is mechanically strong. Taylor, a freshman sleeper from Denver, bears a strong resemblance to Sonny Liston. Gladney weighs in at 225 and is taking boxing lessons. The Wildcats *will* be physical.

But will they be quick and poised in backcourt? Snowden thinks so. "Last year Money and Norman created so many things on their own we didn't have to go to set plays," he says. "We'll still run, but with more control."

For poise there is steady Jim Rappis, who keeps everybody happy by giving up the ball. The other guard position will be fought over by freshman Gilbert Myles and sophomore Gary Harrison. Harrison, another Michigan product in the Money mold who was kept under wraps last winter, could be the surprise of the conference, while 6'5" Herm (The Germ) Harris is certain to be some sort of surprise.

In the past The Germ has taken turns astounding the populace (20 points in 20½ minutes against Illinois) and getting thrown out of games for bizarre behavior. He dislocated his ankle in preseason, but may be healed in time for WAC competition. "He needs growth, headwise," says Snowden. "But he has talent up the wazoo."

If all the young Wildcats control their heads, growthwise, they are capable of leaving the entire WAC stranded up some strange-sounding place.

17 MANHATTAN

Now for this season's basketball quiz. Where is Manhattan College located? Ah, ah—not so fast. The school was built at Broadway and 131st Street in Manhattan in 1853, but has since been relocated in the Bronx. What is a Jasper? No, it is not a creature with the head of a leprechaun and the body of Raquel Welch. Manhattan's nickname derives from one Brother Jasper, who was the school's first athletic director. What famous American sporting tradition did he create? The seventh-inning stretch, of course. It seems some Manhattan fans were getting unruly during a baseball game, and old Brother Jas told them to get up and stretch. The New York Giants liked the idea and later popularized it. You can check it out. If you blew these questions, you are forgiven, but no basketball historian should miss this one: What top-ranked team did Manhattan knock off in an NCAA first-round game? Answer: West Virginia in 1958.

Jack Powers, who has been coaching the Jaspers for six years, scored 29 points in that 89–84 upset. Manhattan has been a favorite in most of its games during his tenure. Never, however, like now. All five starters, including the nation's fourth-leading rebounder (15.5 per game), 6'10" Billy Campion, return from two consecutive 18-win seasons. During the most recent one, they played 17 games away from their home away from home, Madison Square Garden, and led all major colleges with 10 road wins. This season things should be easier because the Jaspers will play more games at the Garden, seven plus the Holiday Festival tournament and the Madison Square Garden Classic. That won't be their only homecoming. Tom Lockhart, a 6'6" forward who grew up several blocks from the campus, has transferred from Scottsdale (Ariz.) Community College, and he could bump either Mike Young or Tom Reilly from the lineup, once his injured right foot heals.

Lockhart is just the sort of lithe New York City player Powers loves. Indeed, the nearest thing he has to an outlander is his superb 6'3" guard and 17-point scorer George Bucci, whose followers take "Bucci-Buses" 70 miles from Newburgh, N.Y. to the Garden.

Bucci, Lockhart and Campion alone could make a big winner—they played last summer on a squad that went 9-0 in Israel and Italy—but there is more. Guard Charlie Mahoney is handsome enough to have appeared in magazine ads and is an even prettier picture on the court. Guard John Hurley and Forwards Frank Meehan and Ron Carrington give the team unprecedented depth. Last year Manhattan tended to collapse defensively at the end of games and gave up an average of 73 points. No more. You won't have to live in the Bronx this year to know what a Jasper is.

18 MARQUETTE

"I've never blown a whistle, worked a blackboard or looked at a film," says Marquette Coach Al McGuire. Despite eschewing these staples of his profession, he took the Warriors to their eighth postseason tournament last season and won his second Coach of the Year award of the '70s. This time that honor came from his fellow coaches, some of whom are beginning to regard the unorthodox McGuire with reverence.

They marvel at McGuire's ability to get his team to play his disciplined defense and patterned offense. They wonder how he accomplishes this despite publicized run-ins with his athletes and without showing up for many practices. For McGuire, it all seems to come as easily as the two technical fouls that led to 10 North Carolina State points and a victory for the Wolfpack in last spring's NCAA title game.

"I think I can *feel* the ballplayers and the situation," he said recently in his office. "Sometimes we have suicidal practices. Other times we have Sherman Billingsley chitchats. Whatever I feel they need. I've always done my work, it's just that I do it at a different pace.

"I completely blew my cool when I got that second technical in the NCAAs. I needed a rest after that, so I took one of my usual vacations—packed a few things and went off by myself. It's not true that I've gone to Tibet. I've tried twice, but I can't get a visa."

McGuire did not even flinch when his secretary, Kathy Buse, interrupted to inform him, "Your bank account is overdrawn." According to legend, McGuire never flinches. He is not even wincing at the thought of this season, although this

continued



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is the third year in a row he has lost a starting center to the pro hardship draft.

Maurice Lucas indeed is gone to the ABA, and to replace him McGuire has undersized Jerry Homan (6′7″ and 205 pounds) and a shoelace named Craig Butrym (7 feet and also 205). Otherwise the Warriors are set, particularly at forward with 6′5″ Earl Tatum and 6′9″ Bo Ellis. "Tatum is the most talented player I've ever coached and Bo was the best freshman in the country last season," says McGuire.

He also has a superabundance of first-rate guards, including playmaker Lloyd Walton, Dave Delsman and two freshmen who were high school All-Americas, Butch Lee and Gary Rosenberger. Walton, the only one of the four sure to start, wears a tiny gold cross in his left earlobe. "It reminds me how lucky I was to get out of my neighborhood in Chicago, where lots of my friends got hurt and killed," he says.

McGuire's capsule assessment of his team is, "About all we need is to have a couple more players get their ears pierced."

19 ARIZONA STATE

An art professor pondered the nude models in his life drawing class at Tempe recently and announced that it is "easier to make a rounded shape than a straight line." He also said he prefers not to advertise for models because "creeps lurk around the halls trying to peek in."

There is now another round shape to attract lurkers at Arizona State—the new University Activity Center where the Sun Devils, only about half nude, will be blazing on the fast break and playing "bluff, jump and fire" defense. So says Coach Ned Wulk, who saved his job two years ago by winning the WAC in an upset, then almost won again last season despite a break slowed down by a front line weighing almost 700 pounds.

The new arena is in large part a Wulk design and so is this year's team, being more lithe and capable of getting up and down the floor faster than the average Mack truck.

In Lionel (Train) Hollins, a 6′3″ Lenny Wilkens type, ASU probably has the most complete player in the league. After an apprenticeship in Dixie JC in Utah, Hollins was supposed to have been the first black to play on the varsity at Brigham Young. Instead he chose ASU, where he averaged 17 points a game and impressed everyone with his smoothness and guile.

Completing the starting backcourt will be Rudy White, who sat out last season with lacerations on his shooting arm, or Mike Moon, who missed some of it with lacerations of the ego. Moon sat down until poor grades benched the man ahead of him. Then he *had* to play, and he averaged almost 10 points a game in the WAC. In preseason practice White was beating Hollins one-on-one. That means he is recovered enough to duplicate his outstanding sophomore season. That means Moon is blue. And that means ASU foes are in trouble.

Up front Wulk has problems, most notably the lack of a true shooting forward. Gary Jackson from Brooklyn looked like a star as a freshman, then faltered last winter. He is the team's best passer and offensive rebounder, but he lacks consistency. The other cornerman is apt to be slim Jack Schrader. These two combined *for only nine points a game last year.*

With an outstanding backcourt and untested forwards tending to cancel each other out, the key to ASU will be in the middle, where Scott Lloyd, a massive 6′10″, 230-pound local boy, will be depended on to make good. Lloyd played behind an all-senior front line last year until late in the season, when he showed rapid improvement and destroyed Arizona's Bob Elliott in the final game. Wulk prays Lloyd stays healthy because behind him is only a lamb. John Lamb, to be precise, all 6′9″, 175 pounds of him. And the pivot is one place where it is definitely better to have a round shape lurking than a straight line.

20 BOSTON COLLEGE

Sooner or later it had to come. Someday the good young athletes of Massachusetts would stop swatting away every stray basketball with their hockey sticks and start shooting a few of them. It's happened. Boston College has often been a basketball power, but now it is one that is substantially homegrown. Three-fourths of the starting forecourt in BC's one-guard, four-forward lineup comes from the Boston area. And 6′10″ Bill Collins, 6′6″ Wil Morrison and 6′6″ Bob Carrington can, as the jargon goes, *plaaay*. Collins is the team's leading rebounder (nine per game). Morrison, the Eagles' most improved player, helped them finish third in the 1974 NIT by scoring 60 points during the tournament. And Carrington. Ah, Carrington. He is one of the nation's top forwards. Fast enough to handle a quick guard on defense, deft enough to hit long jumpers, powerful enough to charge through traffic and double-pump on the way to the hoop, he averaged 19.4 points per game. But his fans don't call him "Superman." Proper Bostonians never exaggerate. They have nicknamed him "Smooth."

The rest of the key men on the squad are not from The Hub. BC scouts went to Cornwall, N.Y. to find 6′11″ sophomore Paul Berwanger, nephew of Jay Berwanger, the first Heisman Trophy winner. The Eagles went well beyond the confines of New England for 6-foot playmaker Mel Weldon. The only starting senior, Weldon left Jersey City to become BC's first junior-college transfer and black captain. And where does that deep BC bench come from? Guard Mike Shirey, Swingman Jeff Bailey and Forward Syd Sheppard hail from out-of-the-way places like Chicago and Philadelphia. But they will play, too. After all, despite its famed provincialism, Boston is the cradle of democracy.

That BC's best players should come from hockey territory is only one of several paradoxes surrounding the Eagles. Coach Bob Zuffelato hopes to have a running team, despite its pro size. And for all his redwoods, he must convince skeptics that graduated Forward Mark Raterink, who averaged 13.9 points and eight rebounds, can be replaced. The Eagles also must rid themselves of a tendency toward lethargy that held their record to 21-9 last year. Zuffelato admits, "A few times we just showed up." BC was 6-3 in games decided by three points or less, but some of them—wins over Harvard and New Hampshire, losses to Holy Cross and Boston University—should have been breathers. This season's schedule is even easier than last year's because most of the tough games—Syracuse, Connecticut and Providence—are at home. That means the Eagles are likely to come into the NCAA tournament as the least regarded 22-4 team in America. Only their fans are likely to rate them as highly as that record would seem to deserve.

CONTINUED

BEST OF THE REST



FIVE TO WATCH There are innumerable teams from coast to coast, and beyond, that are just a left-handed guard, a rebounding forward or a good team doctor away from the Top 20. With a few breaks and a lot of hard work, any of them could move up among the best. The five that seem most likely to turn such a trick are LaSalle, Southern Illinois, Auburn, Seattle and Hawaii.

• LaSalle's hopes depend on whether it can adequately replace rugged Center Joe DiCocco, the only starter lost from last year's 18-10 team. Sweet-shooting Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant will try, but he could be a case of willing spirit and weak flesh. He must add muscle to his 6′10″, 200-pound frame and learn to throw it around underneath.

Elsewhere LaSalle is solid, particularly at forward where 20-point scorer Bill Taylor has missed double figures only twice in 53 games. A demanding schedule could keep the Explorers unranked, but they should win the new East Coast Conference and get to the NCAA playoffs. By that time, Bryant may be strong enough for Coach and Shakespearean scholar Paul Westhead to say, "It is not madness. . . . Bring me to the test."

• The forecast for Southern Illinois is Meri-weather. That would be 6′11″ senior Joe Meriweather, a 21-point and 15-rebound per game center who, Coach Paul Lambert claims, has never been outplayed. And it is risky to disagree. Lambert was so upset by the NIT's rejection of his 19-7 Salukis last season that he threw pillows at the TV while the invitees played.

With Meriweather underneath and sophomore Mike Glenn at guard, Southern Illinois should be going places this season. SIU alumnus Walt Frazier says, "Glenn will make the people forget about me." Glenn is also a dean's list student who works with deaf children when he is not averaging 15 points per game.

• Quicker than you can say "War Eagle," Auburn has become an SEC contender. Rookie Coach Bob Davis nurtured the once lifeless Tigers to a semihealthy 10-16 record last season, largely by recruiting Guard Eddie Johnson and Center Pepto Bolden. Johnson became the SEC's leading scorer (22 per game) and Bolden the top rebounder (12). This year's freshman class is even better.

The most impressive newcomer is 6′8″ Mike Mitchell, who had 28-point and 23-rebound averages in high school. Junior Glen Moon will start at center, sending Bolden to forward to compete with Gary Redding, a proved returnee. It could end up making Pepto's life a-Bismol.

Joining Johnson in the backcourt is Wayne Bracy, Alabama's top high school player last season. One of Indiana's best, Jim Krivacs, must wait in line. It is getting to be a long one.

• Frank Oleynick is encouraging Seattle fans to recall the Elgin Baylor glory days. Baby-faced Frank can go from flat to flat out in a twitch, an ability that earned him 25 points per game last season. Of course it helped to have Buck O'Brien, the league's top assists man, around—and it will help to have him back.

Two new players will hold down front court positions, 6′8″ redshirt Jerry (Horse) Lee and 6′7½″ Keith Hartell, a homegrown freshman. Reggie Green moves from center to forward.

With less talent, Seattle was 15-11 last season and things should be even rosier this time around.

• Few teams have been as predictable as Hawaii the last few seasons. The Rainbows were unbeatable at home, but once they came to the mainland, they played like a bunch of wahines. This year could be an exception. One reason is seven-footer Tommy Barker, who averaged 22 points and 18 rebounds a game last year at Southern Idaho Junior College. Teammate Ron Fryson, a guard, made the trip with him. Waiting to greet them was a third former Southern Idaho star, Victor Kelly. He stands only 5′6″, but is no small potato when it comes to ability.

Jimmie Baker has transferred from Nevada-Las Vegas and will start at forward alongside Melton Werts, back from last year's 19-9 team. On the bench is enough depth to staff a fair-sized luau.

THE EAST Over the past 10 seasons Providence has won 202 games and lost 71, the seventh-best major-college record in the country. During that span PC has gone to seven postseason tournaments. At last the Friars could be headed for a slump, but only a mild one. With Marvin Barnes and Kevin Stacom gone from last year's team, the future lies with sophomore Guard Joe Hassett and freshmen frontcourters Bill Eason, Bruce Campbell and Bob Misevicius. Nine of the team's first 11 games are at home and PC should extend its Civic Center win streak of 34 even while its youngsters mature. The Friars may win fewer than 20 games for the first time in five years, but that is about the worst that is apt to

happen, particularly under the excellent coaching of Dave Gavitt.

Another rough court for visitors is Manley Field House, where Syracuse University has compiled a 12-year 112-24 record, thanks to quality teams, foe-baiting fans and a unique raised hardwood floor. Now there is a less frightening down-to-earth Tartan surface but an easy home schedule could lead to another prolonged Manley winning streak. On the road, things will be tougher for the Orange. Six-foot-nine Rudy Hackett, the only returning big man, needs help up front from 6′9″ sophomore Earnie Seibert for Syracuse to be invited to its fifth straight postseason tournament. That is asking a lot of a man who did not appear in a varsity game last year.

A third notable arena, Tallahassee's Tully Gym, sometimes warms up to 100° for Florida State home games. And the Seminoles have the speed to put on some heat of their own. Led by Forward Larry Warren, they should equal their last two 18-8 seasons. One team that will not match its 20-10 record of a year ago is Jacksonville. The Dolphins' 6′9″ Center Shawn Leftwich and explosive Forward Henry Williams have been declared ineligible by the NCAA. Canisius' most famous basketball alumnus, John McCarthy, returns to his alma mater as coach. If he can inculcate some teamwork, Mel Montgomery, Charley Jordan and leading major-college scorer (33.4) Larry Fogle might reward him with more than just a Little Three title.

Six-foot-nine Clyde Mayes will lead Furman to another Southern Conference title, and Tree Rollins, a seven-footer, gives Clemson an outside chance to take the ACC's second berth in the expanded NCAA tournament. St. John's with Mel Utley and Fordham with Darryl Brown also have high hopes. If Temple again plays good defense—the Owls allowed only 57.2 points per game last season—LaSalle might have trouble in the East Coast Conference.

Among the Ivies, only Brown has a chance to beat Penn. At home and on a hot night. The Bruins do have an experienced enough team, led by seniors Phil Brown and Eddie Morris, to create another winning streak at the Providence Civic Center. Harvard's coaching (Satch Sanders) and Princeton's top guard (Armond Hill) will be worth some victories, but the other four Ivies may not even match their forgettable failures of last season, when Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth and Yale compiled a combined record of only 20 victories and 81 defeats.

Look for Connecticut and Massachusetts to fight for the Yankee Conference title. Phil Sellers, a 23.2-point scorer, will continue to rewrite Rutgers' record book, and teammates Mike Dabney and Ed Jordan could help him improve an 18-8 team.

Finally, there is a new unofficial conference with no name. It is composed of eight teams: Pitt, West Virginia, St. Francis of Pennsylvania, Georgetown, George Washington, Villanova, Duquesne and Navy. The four with the best records will meet in a playoff at the end of the season to determine which of them goes to the NCAAs. Since none of the eight seems likely to field a powerhouse, the edge could go to playoff host West Virginia.

THE MIDEAST Notre Dame was once a logical choice for this year's preseason No. 1 ranking, but without Center John Shumate and Guard Gary Brokaw, who signed pro contracts even though they had eligibility remaining, the 26-3 Irish will be fortunate to survive a schedule worthy of a national champion. Their list of opponents includes Kansas, Indiana, UCLA (twice), Kentucky, Maryland, Marquette, South Carolina, LaSalle and DePaul. Coach Digger Phelps has small guards, no tall man he is satisfied with in the middle and only two proven forwards, 6′5″ sophomores Adrian Dantley and Billy Paterno. Dantley must take over if the Irish are to make the NCAA tournament. He averaged 18 points and 10 rebounds a game last season and made a nice steal against UCLA on national TV. But he tended to pad his statistics against weaker opponents and sometimes was a nonentity in big games. That occurred, for example, when Notre Dame was upset by Michigan in the Mideast Regionals.

The Wolverines, who won the Big Ten title in a playoff with Indiana and then beat Notre Dame 77–68, were also victims of the pro draft. Forward Campanella Russell is now a Cleveland Cavalier, and Michigan does not seem to have enough depth behind its four returning starters to make another run at the league championship. Michigan State's Lindsay Hairston, who pulled down 14.2 rebounds per game last season, should again lead the Big Ten and should not be far from the top in scoring, either. He averaged 17.7 a season ago.

With all its schools avidly pursuing black players, the Southeast Conference had its best recruiting year and should be stronger than ever. Georgia and Florida will be most improved, but Kentucky, which found 6′10″ Rick Robey in New Orleans, should be the chief rival of favored Alabama and dark horse Auburn. Wildcat Coach Joe Hall has four returning starters from a 13-13 team. One of them is the SEC's leading scorer (21.9 points per game), Kevin Grevey. Tennessee has two New York City bruisers, Bernard King and Ernie Grunfeld. Though Grunfeld will miss some early games with a broken wrist, they should make the Vols tough despite the loss of seven-foot Len Kosmalski.

Bowling Green would probably have won the Mid-American crown last year if it had fit the head of 6′7″ Cornelius Cash. Cash's cranium was not the only part of his body that was oversized. He was 20 pounds overweight and slipped from eighth to unranked in the nation in rebounding. Cash is now back in shape and the Falcons are again the favorite, but the Central Michigan Chippewas are a threat in only their second year in the conference.

No one is even half-certain who will win the Ohio Valley Conference because the NCAA recently suspended athletes from as many conference schools as it could locate, and the OVC's best player, Austin Peay's Fly Williams, has gone to the pros. Those who choose Middle Tennessee State because it was least penalized are only guessing.

Besides Notre Dame, Illinois State and Cincinnati will be the region's top independents. The Redbirds have two flashy guards in Bubbles Hawkins, who hit 58 points in one game last year, and Rick Whitlow, who led the team in scoring with a 21.8 average. Roger Powell and Calvin Harper return up front and Will Robinson, who recruits better than he coaches, has brought in Jeff Wilkins, a seven-foot JC transfer, and two high school All-Americas, 6′6″ Billy Lewis and 6′10″ Cyrus Mann. Cincinnati lost its two high scorers, but Bearcat Coach Gale Catlett also knows the name of the game is recruiting. He brought in six talented freshmen, including 6′10″ Robert Miller who played for the Kentucky state prep champions.

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THE MIDWEST

Except for Bradley of the Missouri Valley Conference, the best unranked teams in the region are independents. One of them is Houston, which gets back 22-point scorer Louis Dunbar and has superb freshman Guard Tony Smith to run the show. To make their outlook even brighter, the Cougars have scheduled 18 games at friendly Hofheinz Pavilion, where they have lost only twice in four years. Oral Roberts and Creighton have new coaches, but the old itch to return to the NCAA tournament. Titan boss Jerry Hale hopes to install the more disciplined style that made him a big winner at Southern Idaho Junior College. If run-and-gunners Duane Fox and Anthony Roberts slow down long enough to listen to him, it just might work. Creighton's Tom Apke will no doubt find room on his front line for Cincinnati's top high school player, his younger brother Rick.

Centenary remains on NCAA probation, but 7′1½″ Center Robert Parish makes it bearable. Pan American University and Oklahoma City have lost outstanding players, but the Broncs still have Coach Abe Lemons to keep them laughing. Newly independent St. Louis University and its rookie Coach Randy Albrecht will not find winning any easier outside the Missouri Valley Conference, despite a veteran lineup that features 6′8″ Bill Morris.

Last season's MVC Coach of the Year, Joe Stowell of Bradley, retains star Center Greg Smith and Guard Jim Carruthers from his 20-8 team. The Braves could win even more this season. North Texas State lost its best player when Bobby Iverson unexpectedly left school, Tulsa and New Mexico State will feel the departure of two all-league players, Willie Biles and Tree Grant. Center Reg Ramey heads an experienced West Texas State lineup, which could pull some upsets. Wichita State needs the kind of divine intervention Drake's new coach, Bob Ortegel, might provide the Bulldogs. Fulton Sheen's TV fans may remember Drtegel as the cherub who wiped the bishop's blackboard clean. Off camera, Bob no doubt was scribbling X's and O's.

Kansas seems two laps ahead of its Big Eight competition. Maybe three since Oklahoma has the league's best player in seven-foot Center Alvan Adams, but not much support for him. Nebraska has a veteran team, alas, only Guard Jerry Fort knows how to score. Among Oklahoma State's four returnees is Andy Hopson, the Big Eight's leading rebounder the past two seasons. Jack Hartman faces a severe challenge at Kansas State, where four starters graduated and the other, Dean Harris, was killed in an automobile accident. Hartman, however, is anything but a loser. Neither is Iowa State's new coach, Ken Trickey, who worked miracles at Oral Roberts. Even with Hercle (Poison) Ivy at guard, however, Trickey soon may have to learn how defeat feels.

The weak Southwest Conference might compete better against non-league opponents by pooling its resources. Arkansas' Rickey Medlock, Texas Tech's Rick Bullock and A&M's John Thornton would form an imposing nucleus, but few other players seem as qualified. New Coaches Eddie Sutton of Arkansas and Bob Polk of Rice may have the know-how to pick things up in the future. They are fresh from successes at Creighton and St. Louis. If something does not happen quickly, Houston will trample the rest of the conference when it begins playing for the SWC title in 1976.

THE WEST

Every year it is the same in the Pacific Eight: speculation abounds in November about beating UCLA, anxiety arrives in December as the Bruins glide through their non-conference schedule unbeaten, then aggravation takes hold in January, when John Wooden begins whittling another conference title. By February USC is a sure second and everybody else is trying to win the Pacific Six championship. Last year's vagabond king was Oregon, which upset UCLA in February and found it did not matter. Coach Dick Harter has all his starters back, including 6′4″ Guard Ron Lee, who led the entire conference in scoring. But he still needs strength under the boards. Marv Harshman has three players over 6′10″ at Washington, plus a pair of 16-point scorers in Forward Larry Pounds and Guard Clarence Ramsey. Freshman Forward Kim Stewart is also an offensive threat. The Ducks and Huskies are as tough as the UCLA-USC opposition gets. Oregon State, which also upset the Bruins in Corvallis, is solid enough to better .500 this year and too stolid to do much better. Stanford's seven-foot Rich Kelley is a scorer (18.4), but none of the Cardinals' big men can jump or defend very well. Washington State's 6′11½″, 225-pound Steve Puidokas can. He was one of the outstanding freshmen in the country by the end of last season, averaging almost 17 points per game. California Coach Dick Edwards went all the way to New Jersey for 6′9″ Jerome Young and 6′4″ Connie White of Mercer County Community College, the national junior college champion. On the way home he picked up 6′8″ juco All-America Carl Bird from Arizona Western and added 6′11″ Mark Dickey from nearby Menlo JC. When Edwards started, all he had was 6′3″ Guard Rickie Hawthorne. Now he has a real team to go with him.

New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger sent an assistant coach to Petersburg, Va. five or six times last spring, hoping to persuade Moses Malone to forget about the University of Maryland and come out West to play basketball. Well, Malone did go West, anyway. Bill Hagins, at 6′7″, obviously is not the center Malone would have been, and the WAC's defending champs will not be what they were last year—22-7. Four starters departed and Ellenberger has merely moved up reserves to fill the vacancies. Even in the unlikely event that Colorado State and UTEP are unable to stay in the conference race with Arizona and Arizona State, fans all over the WAC will still find it exciting to watch the shooting of Utah's deadeye Ticky Burden, perhaps the best "pure shooter" in college this year.

Nevada-Las Vegas could win the West Coast Athletic Conference championship, despite the presence of Seattle. The Rebels finished 20-6 last year, but weren't asked out to any tournaments. In case the trouble was his mild schedule, Jerry Tarkanian has added road games at Arizona and Oregon along with a trip to the Bluebonnet Classic, where the competition includes Hawaii, Houston and Texas A&M.

San Diego State has three valuable transfer students and the Aztecs should win the Pacific Coast Athletic Association title despite a 7-19 record last year, the worst in the school's history. Montana's best team in 24 years (18-8) won 12 straight before falling to Idaho State in a playoff for the 1974 Big Sky title. This season the roles should be reversed. The problem at independent Utah State—14-0 at home and 2-10 away—is fairly obvious and second-year Coach Dutch Belnap is working on it.

CONTINUED



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SMALL COLLEGES



by KENT HANNON

If a poll were taken among the numerous major-college assistant coaches who have flown into Pensacola, Fla. in recent months to scout the wealth of junior-college basketball talent there, most of them would admit that when they left town the next day, they did so against their own free will.

Almost all were met at the airport by a man fresh from the paddleball court who drove up in a yellow Corvette. He claimed to be Pensacola Junior College Coach Rich Daly, but looked so much like Actor Jack Nicholson that there was only one way a visitor could be sure he had the right man. If the welcomer wore a green baseball cap to conceal a hair transplant and talked of going to the dog races, the odds are it was Daly.

What generally followed was a tour of PJC's sprawling campus, a glimpse of the school's 9,000 students and then a couple of hours on "the world's whitest beaches." In most cases, this was sufficient to convince a recruiter from the biggest of the big schools that his 33-year-old juco host had some rather special recruiting inducements of his own. The proof was the young talent Daly trotted out for his 3:15 practice. His roster, which includes a high-jumping forward named David Thompson, is so loaded that PJC could become this year's National Junior College Athletic Association champion, although first it must win the tough local playoffs down in Florida.

For the particularly skeptical visitor still not drooling over Pensacola, Daly's clinchers included a plate of fresh crab legs and an after-dinner cocktail at the PJC president's home overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. "A lot of guys end up spending the night on our sofa on account of we stay up so late talking basketball," Daly says. "That's when I usually hear that it's no mystery how we get players from the North down here and how I've got it better at PJC than the big-name guys they work for. I guess they're not far wrong, either."

Now how can that possibly be, since for years one of the tenets of university division basketball was that the only thing lower than a junior-college player was a junior-college coach? Most major-college coaches believed they could not win consistently with juco transfers because kids unable to make C's in high school could not be expected to understand the X's and O's of a sophisticated chalk-talk. These same men accused JC coaches of things far worse than being unable to read and write. They called their junior college colleagues "the coaches who hope the seniors flunk."

Well, times have changed: the only thing big-time coaches are yelling at juco men these days is "Help!" With universities no longer certain of a player's services for four years because of the pros' undergraduate drafts, and the pressure to win spiraling higher than inflation, the junior-college shortcut has become the most important new tool in major-college recruiting. Want to turn around a bad team overnight the way Bill Musselman did at Minnesota? Need a big guard as badly as Norm Sloan did to make North Carolina State a national champ? Get yourself some jucos. Three of last year's NCAA semifinalists—N.C. State, Marquette and Kansas—started JC transfers. John Wooden built the UCLA dynasty with the help of players such as Wicks, Vallely, Erickson and Hirsch. They all came from two-year schools in California, which has America's biggest JC system.

And the brightest new star in professional basketball last year was a former juco. Buffalo's Bob McAdoo, the NBA's leading scorer, played for the Vincennes (Ind.) 1970 NJCAA champions before taking North Carolina to the 1972 NCAA semifinals and turning pro.

Even junior-college coaches have begun to gain some respect. The Atlanta Hawks' Cotton Fitzsimmons spent nine seasons at Moberly (Mo.) JC, and a couple of juco coaches named Jerry Hale and Joedy Gardner have just moved up to the head jobs at Oral Roberts and West Virginia University. All of which indicates that junior college men should be crossed off the list of oppressed minorities. They're all the rage now.

Few of them have found life quite as kind as Daly has. Born in Missouri, he had succeeded Fitzsimmons as coach of the local junior college by the time he was 26. Not that Moberly is just the local junior college. The Greyhounds have gone to the nationals in Hutchinson, Kans. more times than any other school and have won a record four titles.

Fitzsimmons was a difficult act to follow, even for a local boy, but Daly was a winner from the start. He brought in five black starters without checking with

continued

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anyone but his wife Denny. "We both knew that wouldn't sit too well with the staid, white Moberly community," she says. "But before I realized what was happening, Rich had talked me into letting them live with us. With our four kids, that made 11 in one house. We made our basement into a dormitory and somehow became one big happy family."

Daly's five-year record at Moberly was 97-61, and included two trips to the nationals. When he accepted the Pensacola job two years ago, PJC felt that it would soon become the first Florida school to win at Hutchinson.

"That would be nice, all right," says Daly, pulling into a parking slot outside the office of President T. Felton Harrison. "I thought we were going to get it done in my first year when we were 25-4 and ranked first in the nation for six weeks. And again last season when we were 30-3 and second most of the year. But Brevard Junior College has upset us twice in the state tournament. PJC is supposedly ranked third among junior colleges in academics and Dr. Harrison still kids me that the basketball program hasn't yet caught up with the rest of the school."

Like most college presidents, Harrison speaks first about academic quality, but he will have none of this "third in the nation" talk. "Look, that survey was done years ago," he says. "It's meaningless now. What *is* important is that Pensacola has reached a point where it compares favorably with four-year schools in practically every area. Our curriculum for students in their first two years and our facilities are comparable, say, to Baylor's, and our debate team competes against Notre Dame and Harvard. We thought things like this needed tending to before we got deeply into basketball. Now we feel Rich can give us the program a well-rounded institution should have. To help him out we are purchasing a mobile TV trailer from the old *Flipper* series, which will enable us to televise all our home basketball games in color."

That is quite a change from when PJC's pride was its debating team. The Pirates had lost 12 games in a row and could not even get regular radio coverage before Daly's arrival. Winning streaks of 12 and 13 in 1972-73 and a 26-0 start last year prompted WCOA to send its play-by-play man over this fall with a contract for exclusive radio rights.

"It doesn't seem to matter how many games we win, though," says Daly. "Our biggest problem is still getting a kid interested in junior college in the first place. A lot of kids feel a JC has to be a decrepit little school in the Mississippi lowlands. They obviously have no concept of the system as it exists here in Florida. There are 26 junior colleges in the state that play basketball, and most of them have big budgets, big student bodies and big teams. That makes the competition rough and the students feel like they're going to a real college."

Because of the extraordinary success he has had recruiting players from other areas, rivals assume Daly has an unrestricted budget. In fact, it has definite limits, but they do not seem to apply to his telephone or gasoline credit cards. Daly may have the itchiest dialing finger in the South and he has an assistant who thinks nothing of driving a station wagon all over the country.

"We made 13 trips to Tennessee to get Ricky Talbert," recalls chauffeur-coach Barry Stephens. "That's 12,000 miles for one player. *It sounds like a lot, but* when a kid thinks he'll never need you, you've got to stay on him. It's hard to swallow at first, knowing you can't go after the kids who will qualify for four-year schools, because you just won't get them. But we say a little prayer on the close ones, and of the top 15 who miss grades, Rich will get three or four."

A computer print-out on Daly's present 12-man squad would read like this: seven from the North, five from the South, each an all-conference, all-state or All-America selection in high school and accustomed to having the ball 60% to 70% of the time. They include that David Thompson, a 6'8" Bostonian who is nearly as graceful as his famous North Carolina State namesake.

Talbert, from Dickson, Tenn., and Mike Muff, from Fort Wayne, Ind., are typically the two kinds of players who end up at junior colleges. Talbert, 6'8", from a white middle-class family, made fair grades for three years and was all set to go to Memphis State. Then he ran into trouble with Spanish and physics in his senior year and his average slipped below 2.0. Muff is a 6'6" poverty-pocket black youngster who knew before his senior year that he had no chance to qualify for schools like Michigan or Purdue. He helped Fort Wayne's Northrup High win the Indiana state title, and then made a vacation out of visiting JCs in eight states. Why did he select Pensacola? "Nice team, nice weather, nice coach," he says.

Hot teams have become as ordinary as warm weather in Pensacola. With 7-foot Steve Stanford from Akron, Pittsburgh's Jim Smith and the backcourt of Chicago's 6'5" Arthur Bibbs and Birmingham's 5'10" Kim Radford starting along with muscular Muff, Daly again seems assured of more than 25 wins. And with Thompson, Talbert and 6'10" Rosey Bankhead coming off the bench, the odds are that Pensacola now has the strength to break out of its curious losing streak in the Florida playoffs, the toughest state tournament in the NJCAA.

A victory there would qualify the Pirates for their first trip to Hutchinson and put them among the favorites for the title. Vincennes, which knocked off Daly's 1970 Moberly team in the finals, is a strong candidate to win its fourth championship. The Trailblazers have the best JC guard in Ricky Green, and Forward Tom Harris broke McAdoo's school scoring record last year. Coach Allen Bradfield, who also heads the Vincennes math department, is as successful a recruiter as Daly. Long before Hutchinson, the two schools meet at Pensacola on Dec. 21 in this season's Junior College Game of the Century.

Among the smaller four-year schools, Kentucky State looks as if it might again become a fixture at the top of the NAIA, as it was from 1970 to '72. Forward Gerald Cunningham does many things with the ball that the Thoroughbreds' old hero, Travis (Machine Gun) Grant, could not—such as dribbling it and stealing it. Jackson State will be a contender with brothers Eugene and Purvis Short, and there may be a darkhorse challenge by Drury College of Springfield, Mo.

NAIA defending champion West Georgia has moved into the NCAA College Division ranks, where it must go up against the incumbent, Morgan State, and the nation's big man of the year, Marvin Webster. Depending on which NBA club drafts first, Webster, who averaged 21 points, 22 rebounds and nine blocks a game last season, will be picked either before or immediately after North Carolina State's David Thompson. UT Chattanooga will also be way up there, as will two unrelated Jones boys—6'9" Major Jones of Albany State and 6'8" Harvey Jones of Alabama State. END



Between the appearance of the Argentine Firecracker and a last-minute defeat of Yale, who would not excuse Harvard's lapse of Ivy decorum?

Explosion at The Game

"It's wild!" exulted Charlie Davidson, proprietor of the Andover Shop in Cambridge. "It's just like old times." Cambridge was alive for The Game, a Harvard-Yale way of referring to the annual football encounter between young gentlemen of those two Ivy League schools. In an act reminiscent of a John O'Hara novel, 450 Yale students, alumni and fans chartered seven railroad cars to haul themselves and cases of booze up from New Haven to root for their undefeated, untied team. And in equally elegant counter, two of the Harvard football managers showed up for The Game attired in black ties and dinner jackets.

Tickets for last Saturday's fashionable fiesta were impossible to find. Sheldon Cohen of the Out of Town Newspapers and Ticket Office at Zero Harvard Square had absolutely none at all, and scalpers were so desperate, the *Harvard Crimson* reported that they were *offering* $50 for a seat. Moreover, the Harvard side of Soldiers Field was stacked with Democratic politicians looking forward to another big November win. Congressman Harley Staggers of West Virginia was on hand to watch his son Dan, '75, a middle guard. Senator-elect John Culver of Iowa, '54 and a football letterman, was there, as were Senator William Hathaway of Maine, '49, and Senator Edward Kennedy, '54, who was awarded a "master's in political silence" by the Yale band during halftime frivolities. Even Annabella Battistella, better known as "Fanne Foxe, the Argentine Firecracker," showed up in Cambridge the day before The Game. Between acts of her very popular engagement at Boston's Pilgrim Burlesque Theatre, Ms. Foxe arrived at Lowell House's junior common room to the tune of *Down by the Old Mill Stream* and accepted the Harvard Republican Club's award as Political Newcomer of the Year.

In a way, the Argentine Firecracker personified Yale fears that Harvard might again detonate in a manner reminiscent of 1968, when Yale had also been going for a perfect season. With less than one minute left in that renewal of The Game, the Elis led 29–13. But Harvard indeed exploded and the final score was 29–29, a tie that Yale deemed a humiliating defeat.

Last week, Yale Coach Carmen Cozza was concerned that his 1974 players would also be remembered for just one thing, The Game, especially if they lost. The players themselves felt slighted that Yale was not rated in the top 20 nationally or even included among the top three in the East and in the running for the Lambert Trophy. After all, Yale's defense was the best in the country, holding opponents, Ivy or otherwise, to a measly 5.8 points a game. A win, a big win, over Harvard like last year's 35–0, would cap a perfect season, win the Ivy championship and possibly force national recognition of some kind. As if to prove his determination to end his running career with a thumping of Harvard, Eli captain Rudy Green persistently butted his head against a telephone pole in Thursday-afternoon practice. And to bolster the will to win, Yale held its first pep rally in years on Thursday night before the team embarked for Cambridge. Guard Ken Burkus summed it up: "I'm tired of being compared to the *1968* team. I want them to compare future teams here to *this* team."

Meanwhile, up in Cambridge, Harvard was down after having lost its first Ivy contest of the season, to Brown, a week earlier. A win in The Game would make Harvard co-champion of the league, but spirits did not perk up until Wednesday. Then 6'6" Split End Pat McInally, the best receiver in Harvard history, a hopeful Rhodes scholar and a possible NFL first-round draft choice, said, "The coaches gave us a great lift when word came out that we had a new defense." The defense devised by Coach Joe Restic and Assistants Larry Glueck and Carl Schuette was to stop Yale's running attack by using four tackles and two ends for strength and weight in the line. Restic said, "If we were going to give Yale anything, it was the pass. We had to take our chances on that. But we *had* to stop the run."

continued

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By Friday, Harvard was flying in practice. There were shouts and screams and, once, even laughter, followed by a brave voice that piped, "A little levity never hurt anyone."

Before Saturday's standing-room crowd of 40,500 plus, that loose spirit almost unraveled the Crimson as it lost three fumbles to Yale in the first quarter. Still, Yale could get only seven points out of the turnovers. Harvard's unexpected defense *was* tough; also, the footing was slippery, making it difficult for Yale runners to cut to the outside. Eli Quarterback Tom Doyle turned to the pass, chiefly to Split End Gary Fencik, who played a fine game, catching 11 of Doyle's 16 completions. In two plays, Doyle passes to Fencik moved the ball from the Yale 34 to the Harvard five, and from there telephone-pole abuser Green scored his second touchdown, making the score 13–0.

Then Milt Holt, Harvard's Hawaiian quarterback, began to call the wide-open passing game favored by Restic from his coaching days in Canada's pro league. Yale was forced to split its coverage between McInally and Tight End Peter Curtin. Alternating between the two, Holt worked Harvard downfield to first-and-goal on the Yale three. He passed again to McInally in a crowd of Yalies for Harvard's first touchdown.

With less than two minutes remaining in the half, Holt began throwing from his 24. The big gainer came on Harvard's version of the old flea flicker. With Harvard on the Yale 48, Holt lateraled back to McInally at the Crimson 45, and the big end, a quarterback in high school, threw a bomb to Split End Jim Curry, who was brought down on the Yale two. There were nine seconds left in the half and the crowd was standing when Holt passed to Curtin for another touchdown. The point after was good, and Harvard led 14–13.

"The halftime was unbelievable," McInally said later. "It was even more powerful than after the game."

Thanks to the stacked Harvard line and some fine punting from the versatile McInally, the score held at 14–13 until early in the fourth quarter. Stalled, Yale took a 16–14 lead on a 38-yard field goal by Randy Carter that just made it over the crossbar.

With 5:07 remaining in the game, Harvard took over on its 10. What proved to be the winning drive for the Crimson began inauspiciously, as a penalty sent Harvard back to their five-yard line. But then Holt began completing passes to McInally and Halfback Steve Dart, and with only 19 seconds left the ball was on the Yale one. Holt took the snap from center and ran to his left looking for a receiver. No one was open. But neither were there any Yalies between him and the goal. After Holt crossed into the end zone, Harvard players and fans mobbed him. The kick was good, and the score was 21–16. Though Harvard was penalized back to the 25 because of extra players on the field, McInally was so elated he boomed the kickoff 70 yards. Yale was dead. It was worse than 1968.

Cozza arrived first at the press conference arranged in Dillon Field House. He sat in a chair, looked at the ceiling, blew out his breath and fidgeted in silence awaiting Restic. In the back of the room Mike Buxbaum, a sports editor for the *Yale Daily News*, stood with moist eyes. "It's like writing about my mother's funeral," he said. "I feel wasted. I'm going to ask my other two editors if they can do the page tomorrow." Then Buxbaum looked up, caught himself and said, "As much as I hate to say it, this is what makes the Ivy League the best to watch."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

EAST Despite consistent success, Boston College and Rutgers have drawn little notice this season, but last week their high-scoring splurges got some attention. The Eagles bombed Massachusetts 70–8 while the Scarlet Knights rocked Colgate 62–21.

Rutgers rolled up 781 yards on offense, an NCAA high for the season. Five of its nine touchdowns came through the air, the first two 90- and 67-yarders from Bert Kosup to Mark Twitty. Fullback Keith Barnette of Boston College maintained his national scoring lead with three touchdowns, giving him 122 points with one game yet to play, against Holy Cross. "Yes, I do want that title," he said later. "I like the feeling. I hadn't given it much thought until the coach [Joe Yukica] showed me I was high in the rankings a couple of weeks ago."

Temple Coach Wayne Hardin was thinking about what might have been after his Owls outclassed Villanova 17–7. "We're very happy with 8-2," he said. Then the late-season losses to Cincinnati and Pitt came to mind. "Except for five minutes and 15 seconds we would be exceedingly thrilled. The kids have done a tremendous job in the last two years—17 and three is not bad." Steve Joachim passed for two touchdowns and established a new Temple single-season total-offense record of 2,227 yards. Halfback Henry Hynoski rushed for 117 yards to set another Owl career standard of 2,218.

Lehigh blasted Lafayette 57–7 in the 110th edition of collegiate football's most-played rivalry, and Holy Cross tripped Connecticut 23–14. In the Ivy League, Penn came from behind to beat Dartmouth 27–20, Brown concluded its second straight winning season by whipping Columbia 28–19 and Princeton downed Cornell 41–20 as Walt Snickenberger scored four touchdowns and rushed for 163 yards. Snickenberger also broke Cosmo Iacavazzi's single-season Princeton touchdown mark of 14 and became the second Tiger to gain more than 1,000 yards in a season.

1. Penn State (8-2)
2. Pittsburgh (7-3) 3. Temple (8-2)

SOUTH And now the "Liberty" formation, so named because Tennessee used it to defeat Kentucky 24–7 to earn a Liberty Bowl invitation. This latest of college football's offensive innovations features an unbalanced line with no split ends and three running backs stacked in an I formation. Because the backs are also set a full stride to the strong side, there is no one directly behind the quarterback. "We were looking for a way to get into the line and out to the corner as quickly as we could," said Volunteer Coach Bill Battle. "We figured this gave us a step or two."

Mississippi State defeated Mississippi for only the third time in 28 years, 31–13, and upped its record to 8-3, best since 1946. "We broke the string," said Walter Packer, who scored twice, "and I feel it's going to be like that for years to come." The Rebels committed eight turnovers, three of them setting up Bulldog touchdowns.

Louisiana State, looking for two straight wins to avoid its first losing season since 1956, got one of them against Tulane 24–22. The Tigers roared to a 17–0 lead but needed a time-consuming drive to hold off the Green Wave at the end. Brad Davis scored the final Tiger touchdown, and his 117 yards rushing made him the first LSU player to top 2,000 in a career. Vanderbilt had an easier time of it in another nonconference game, pasting Louisville 44–0. Mark Adams kicked three field goals for the Commodores, who amassed 603 yards on offense.

Relentless running powered Houston past Florida State 23–8. Reggie Cherry rushed for 170 yards, scoring twice, and John Housman netted 159 with one TD. Miami scored on its first two possessions and held on to beat

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Syracuse 14–7, guaranteeing its first winning season since 1967. After watching two drives stall inside the 10, Orange Coach Frank Maloney said, "All we needed was one key block for a break, but that's a mark of a great football team and obviously we're not great."

Two bowl-bound Atlantic Coast Conference teams, champion Maryland and co-runner-up North Carolina, got more than they expected from Virginia and Duke before winning 10–0 and 14–13 respectively. Louis Carter rushed for a school-record 213 yards in Maryland's victory, setting up a field goal with a 45-yard scamper and scoring the only TD from 44 yards out. His 991 yards are a Terrapin season high. Duke came within a missed extra point of tying North Carolina and a missed field goal of winning. Tailback Mike Voight joined Tar Heel teammate James Betterson as a 1,000-yard rusher, the first time two players alternating at the same position have ever done so.

Outside victories by Clemson, 39–21 over South Carolina, and Wake Forest, 16–10 over Furman, gave the ACC its best record ever in nonconference games. Wake Forest ended the nation's longest non-winning streak, 20 games, on Joe Bunch's three field goals. Clemson's victory left Paul Dietzel with a 4-7 record in his last season as Gamecock coach. Mark Fellers scored three touchdowns for the Tigers, and Ken Callicutt gained 197 yards.

Virginia Military won its first Southern Conference title since 1962 by defeating East Carolina 13–3. William & Mary, inspired by its trustees' decision to reemphasize sports, smashed Richmond 54–12 and ran up a school-record 649 yards in the process.

1. Alabama (10-0)
2. Auburn (9-1) 3. Maryland (8-3)

SOUTHWEST

Get out your Bowmar Brain for this one. The Southwest Conference Cotton Bowl picture looks as follows: Baylor, by blitzing SMU 31–14, is still in it; Texas Tech, by losing to Arkansas 21–13, is out. Texas is out of it, too, but if the Longhorns beat Texas A&M, which is still in it, the Aggies are out and Baylor is in no matter what the Bears do against Rice. If A&M wins, it's in to stay. Better yet, punch your clear button and wait for this week's results.

Baylor tamed the Mustangs behind Steve Beaird's three touchdowns and 133 yards rushing. Neal Jeffrey, whose injured elbow had prevented him from throwing a pass in practice, completed 11 of 17 for a healthy 166 yards. But it was Don Bockhorn's 59-yard field goal, which tied the sceond longest in conference history, that broke the game open in the third quarter. "My offensive coaches nearly assassinated me," said Coach Grant Teaff later. "If the field goal had been short, SMU had a scooterbug [Arthur Whittington] who could have run it back on us. I just had one of those feelings." Baylor, meanwhile, had a 17–7 lead. Jeffrey, who has accumulated 4,224 yards to surpass Don Trull's career record for passing yardage, now finds himself in an unusual, not entirely comfortable, position. "I've never pulled for Texas in my life," he said, "but you better believe I will this week."

Texas Tech's hopes were slight, and the Arkansas victory erased them altogether. Or, more precisely, Ike Forte did by gaining 215 yards and scoring two touchdowns. The Raiders started sliding to their first home loss since the 1972 season—to Arkansas—when Tailback Larry Isaac fumbled twice inside the Razorback 10 during the first quarter.

Rice defeated TCU 26–14 as Tommy Kramer passed for a pair of touchdowns and Alan Pringle kicked two field goals, including a school-record 50-yarder. Pringle's kick was not a family record, however. Brother Duncan hit one of 52 yards earlier in the week for Trinity University.

1. Texas A&M (8-2)
2. Houston (8-2) 3. Baylor (7-3)

WEST

Southern California was acting like anything but a 14-point favorite over UCLA last week as it sought a third straight Pacific Eight championship and its 25th consecutive game without a conference loss. Coach John McKay was irritable, Running Back Anthony Davis couldn't sleep and mascot Tommy Trojan was nowhere to be seen.

The concern was unfounded, however, as USC romped to a 34–9 victory. "That's a mighty impressive football team," said Bruin Coach Dick Vermeil afterward. "They were just too good for us. If we'd played our best game, they'd still beat us."

Davis was the offensive star, gaining 195 yards in 31 carries and scoring a touchdown. He surpassed O.J. Simpson's team and conference career rushing mark of 3,423 yards on his first carry. "Davis runs with a lot of character," said Vermeil. "He doesn't spend much time going sideways."

California is still trying to figure out how it lost to Stanford. Steve Bartkowski's 13-yard pass to Steve Rivera had given the Bears a 20–19 lead with 26 seconds left, but after Stanford received the kickoff, Quarterback Guy Benjamin went to work against the least effective of all strategies: the prevent defense. Two completions gained 43 yards, and as the clock ran out Mike Langford kicked a 50-yard field goal for a 22–20 victory.

In other intrastate rivalries, Washington won the Apple Trophy by topping Washington State 24–17, and Oregon got the raspberry by blowing a 10–0 lead and losing 35–16 to Oregon State.

Utah State captured the Beehive Boot for the fourth straight year with a 20–7 triumph over Weber State. Brigham Young won the Western Athletic Conference title and a trip to the Fiesta Bowl by bombing Utah 48–20.

Arizona and Arizona State both posted narrow wins in the late moments. The Wildcats edged Wyoming 21–14 on Bruce Hill's 11-yard pass to Theopolis Bell with 1:18 left. Arizona State overcame a 21–0 halftime deficit to nip Colorado State 26–21 when Morris Owens scurried in from the eight with 45 seconds remaining.

1. USC (8-1-1)
2. Arizona (8-2) 3. California (7-3-1)

MIDWEST

Raw ability alone does not win national championships. That takes the kind of poise and class Oklahoma showed in a 28–14 victory over Nebraska.

The Cornhuskers were leading 14–7 in the third period when they recovered a fumble at the OU 15. "We needed to get something there," Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne would say later. The Wishbone isn't a come-from-behind offense." Oklahoma stopped the Huskers cold, however, and tied the game later in the period. Then, in the fourth quarter Elvis Peacock and Steve Davis scored on short runs which, with the defense's three pass interceptions, clinched the Big Eight title and extended the Sooners' unbeaten streak to 28 games.

"Nebraska is the best team we've played in that stretch," said Coach Barry Switzer, "but this was the best game our offense has ever had. No one can expect to run for almost 500 yards against Nebraska." It was 482 to be exact, including 147 by Fullback Jim Littrell, 142 by Joe Washington and 112 by Quarterback Steve Davis.

For the Cornhuskers the loss was more painful than most. "I've never seen so much emotion for a game here," said Defensive Coordinator Monte Kiffin.

In other Big Eight games, Missouri ripped Kansas 27–3, Kansas State upset Colorado 33–19 and Oklahoma State held on to defeat Iowa State 14–12. Missouri was led by Tony Galbreath, who scored two touchdowns,

continued

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: End Jim Stock had eight solo tackles and five assists as Notre Dame handed Air Force its first shutout since 1967. Three tackles accounted for 37 yards in losses, giving Stock a school single-season record of 113 yards.

OFFENSE: Wisconsin's Bill Marek, who has rushed for 740 yards in his last three games, tied the Big Ten mark for touchdowns with five against Minnesota and set school records for carries (43), yards (304) and points (30).



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passed for another and gained 137 yards in 34 carries. Thus the Tigers finish with a 7-4 record, but no bowl invitation. With its win, Kansas State ended a seven-game losing streak and picked up its first conference victory. Oklahoma State converted two fumbles into touchdown drives and overcame four field goals by the Cyclones' Tom Goedjen. However, the Big Eight's career record holder missed a 35-yarder that would have won the game in the final period.

Michigan State Coach Denny Stolz was saying, "I told you so," after the Spartans won their fifth straight and concluded a 7-3-1 season by walloping Iowa 60-21. "I said at the start of the year we'd be improved and exciting. I guess we took care of that pretty well. We're not bad on offense, are we?" Statistics provide the best answer to that question: eight touchdowns and 660 total yards. Quarterback Charlie Baggett scored three TDs, passed for two more and set a school single-season total-offense record with 1,712 yards. "A great record smashed to smithereens," joked Assistant Coach Jimmy Raye, who set the old mark in 1966. If the line sounds familiar it is only because Woody Hayes said the same thing after Ohio State lost to Michigan State three weeks ago.

Other standouts for the Spartans included Claude Geiger, who scored twice and gained 127 yards in his first college game, and Fullback Levi Jackson, who ran for 156 yards.

After Minnesota's Rick Upchurch returned the opening kickoff 100 yards, Wisconsin turned Bill Marek loose in a 49-14 victory. In driving rain the 5'8", 188-pound tailback splashed to a school-record five TDs (a sixth was called back) to become Big Ten scoring champion. He also tied John Cappelletti's national mark of three consecutive games with more than 200 yards and Red Grange's Big Ten standard of 30 points in a single game. The Gophers made life easier for Wisconsin by losing fumbles at the winner's eight-, three- and 15-yard lines.

Illinois got its first winning season in nine years by whipping Northwestern 28-14 as Jim Phillips scored twice. Mark Vitali passed Purdue to an easy 38-17 victory over Indiana. Vitali fired three touchdown passes, two of them for 46 and 34 yards to Olympic sprinter Larry Burton.

In its first possession against Notre Dame, Air Force moved to a first down at the four. A pass interception grounded that threat, however, and nine plays and 99 yards later Notre Dame had a 7-0 lead. The final score was 38-0.

Within three minutes of the second quarter Cincinnati's Tom Marvaso scored on an 81-yard kickoff return and a 69-yard punt return to lead the Bearcats to a 35-20 victory over Chattanooga.

1. Oklahoma (10-0)
2. Ohio State (10-1) 3. Michigan (10-1)

Super Bowl of the North

Edmonton's ace took the MOP, but Montreal won the famed Grey Cup

Chilly, rainy Vancouver was the "neutral, warm-weather site" for this year's Grey Cup, the Canadian equivalent of the Super Bowl. Warm weather is a relative concept this time of year in Canada, but the concept was more easily understandable in Vancouver last week when you realized that the nickname of one of the participating teams was the Eskimos. Besides, Vancouver had distinguished itself in the past as host of this lively event, which spawns a week-long bacchanal. In 1966 the city had set a Grey Cup record the night before the game when 689 people had to be locked up, ostensibly for their own safety.

This year the Edmonton Eskimos had won the CFL's Western Conference behind the league's best-balanced offense. Their opponents, the Montreal Alouettes, had won the Eastern Conference title with the league's best defense. Montreal Coach Marv Levy, who was in charge of Washington's special teams back when George Allen's Redskins played in the Super Bowl two years ago, had emphasized defense because, he says, controlling the ball on offense is virtually impossible in the CFL, where there are only three downs instead of four. The architect of the Edmonton offense, Coach Ray Jauch (pronounced Yock), is a disciplinarian who might have earned himself more recognition had he ever attempted to endear himself to the Canadian press. But, alas, as one Edmonton reporter put it, "If nice guys finish last, Jauch should never lose a game."

Despite this ideal matchup of offense vs. defense, most of the attention during Grey Cup Week centered around two individuals, both offensive players. Montreal Wide Receiver Johnny Rodgers and Edmonton Quarterback Tom Wilkinson. They were the two finalists in the balloting for the CFL's Most Outstanding Player, an honor bestowed annually during Grey Cup Week at a lavish Academy Awards-style presentation put on by Canadian Schenley Distilleries Ltd., a company that has good cause to feel magnanimous at Grey Cup time.

In the two seasons since he won the Heisman Trophy at Nebraska, Rodgers has become Canadian football's most spectacular player and biggest gate attraction. Last year he won a Schenley Award as the CFL's outstanding rookie. This year he was the only receiver in the league to gain more than 1,000 yards on passes.

Wilkinson, on the other hand, had such an undistinguished career at Wyoming that his only professional offer after graduation in 1966 came from the short-lived Continental League. He moved into Canadian football the following season, without distinction, and five frustrating years later the B.C. Lions cut him during 1972 training. Wilkinson phoned Edmonton for one last shot only because his route home to Wyoming took him through that CFL city. There he won a backup job to Bruce Lemmerman, and then became a starter when Lemmerman got hurt. That was all he needed. He set a CFL mark for percentage of completions by connecting on 66% of his passes, a record he equaled this year. Last season Wilkinson led Edmonton into the Grey Cup and had them ahead in the game before an injury forced him to the sidelines. The Eskimos eventually lost to Ottawa, 22-18.

Wilkie, as he is known, hardly looks his part. A short, potbellied, bowlegged tobacco chewer, he says, "If they put 10 guys in a room and asked somebody to pick the football player, I'd be there after they turned out the lights and locked up." When Jauch was asked about a supposed injury Wilkinson had suffered in the Western Conference final, the coach replied, "Tom just pulled some fat in his back. He doesn't have any muscles."

Rodgers, like Joe Namath, is becoming a legend in Canada as much for his life-style as for his play. He signed a new contract this year that, if rumors are correct, makes him the CFL's first million-dollar ballplayer, a speculation that Rodgers is taking no pains to discourage. He drives a $38,000 blue Rolls-Royce but plans to buy a Volkswagen with a Rolls grill for snowy days because he thinks the salt on Montreal streets will damage his fancier car. He lavishes clothes upon himself. His sartorial trademark is a rabbit's fur hat that he had custom-made.

At the Schenley Awards, Rodgers was resplendent in a white dinner jacket with black trim and a raspberry-colored shirt. Wilkie surprised a few people by wearing a blue tux jacket instead of black. "In a black tuxedo I look like a pregnant penguin," he said. But clothes do not make the Most Outstanding Player, and Wilkie was a popular winner. In his acceptance speech he thanked God. "If you're short and fat like I am," he said, "Someone must be helping."

Levy's game plan for Sunday's Grey Cup game was vintage George Allen—solid defense and error-free offense—but on Edmonton's second possession Wilkie took the Eskimos 62 yards to a 7-0 lead. On the play before the touchdown Edmonton was given a first down at the Montreal eight after Wilkinson was roughed up. He completed a scoring pass on the next play, but his shoulder was sprained and he did not play again until the second half.

While he was out, an Edmonton fumble, an interception and an interference penalty led to 10 points for Montreal. Rodgers drew the interference call that set up the touchdown and caught a pass at the 10 before a field goal.

Wilkinson was given a shot to deaden the pain and returned in the third quarter, but he was never the same. The Montreal defense stiffened, and its offense refused to turn over the ball until it was too late. The Alouettes maintained good field position, added three more field goals and won 20-7.

"You know when I knew we had it won?" Levy asked in a noisy Montreal dressing room. "When someone said it was a matchup of our defense and their offense. Defense will win for you every time." And so the Alouettes drank champagne out of the Grey Cup and poured some of it on their coach's head. And over in the quiet Edmonton dressing room Tom Wilkinson sat in front of his locker chewing tobacco and spitting into a Styrofoam cup. END



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The Sabres slice 'em up

On a surprising young Buffalo team that leads the NHL in points and pride, the no-names are contributing as much as the glamour group

He was wearing a Glen plaid suit with narrow lapels and cuffs, hardly the uniform of the night for a single swinger prowling around Mother's Bakery after a Buffalo Sabres hockey game. He was a yeast merchant from Elyria, Ohio, or so he said, and he wanted to repeat a Buffalo joke he had heard over in Cleveland. "You know who the original streaker was, don't you?" he giggled. "A guy from Buffalo they tried to get to take a bath." Fun-nee. Very fun-nee. Well, in Cleveland, perhaps, but not in Mother's Bakery, there in beautiful downtown Buffalo—and suddenly the joker was escorted to the alleyway.

The truth is there are no safe Buffalo jokes these days, not when the Bills are battling for an NFL playoff spot, the Braves have the best record in the NBA, and certainly not when the bold young Sabres, the kiddie korps of hockey, lead the NHL in wins (15), points (33), road points (14), goals (102) and power-play goals (30) and, better still, lead those ugly old Boston Bruins by six points in the Adams Division.

As usual, the Aud in Buffalo was packed to its standing-room capacity of more than 16,000 screamers last Wednesday night as the Sabres—a concoction of several agile Frenchmen, numerous large bodybenders, three kamikaze types, two ascetics, a peachfuzz rookie and a couple of goaltenders out of a Blue Cross commercial—routed the new Washington Capitals 7–3 for their 11th victory in 13 games. The Sabres pelted Washington Goaltender Ron Low with 50 shots, almost one a minute, and, to add insult, the anonymous Buffalo "hangman" mocked Low with another of his banners draped from the balcony overhang. The hangman first appeared on opening night, apparently after reading a story in which some Bostonians expressed regret that the Bruin line of Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman lacked a catchy description to match the "French Connection" tag of Buffalo's Gilbert Perreault, Richard Martin and Rene Robert. ESPOSITO, HODGE & CASHMAN—THE STENCH CONNECTION, read the hangman's banner, and even Esposito had to laugh. Low's banner was. EXPANSION GOALIES REACH A NEW LOW—RON. Actually, Low had to perform spectacular acrobatic and juggling feats just to keep the Buffalo total from reaching the double digits the raucous crowd demanded.

Moving on to Atlanta Friday night, the Sabres provided the Omni crowd with a merry moment near the end of the second period when Perreault accidentally put the puck past his own goaltender, a bag of bones named Gary Bromley, to give the Flames a seemingly comfortable 4–1 lead. Perreault and the Sabres had the last laugh, though. Buffalo closed in to 4–3 on goals by Rick Dudley and Robert, and then, with slightly less than two minutes to play in the game, Perreault did his thing.

At 24 Perreault is the sport's most exciting forward. In full flight he has more shifts than O. J. Simpson or Ernie D. His only fault is that he has not mastered the give-and-go passing concept; he tends to skate too long and too far with the puck before passing off to Martin or Robert.

Trying to preserve their lead, the Flames dumped the puck deep into the Buffalo end. Perreault collected it near the right boards and started up ice. As always, his mouth was open, his head was bobbing and his body was a living, shimmering lure. Flames melted away as Perreault faked them out. A couple of hip twitches for Goalie Dan Bouchard, a few head bobs and shoulder movements—and there was the puck in the net. "I want to see that rush on instant replay," said Floyd Smith, the new Buffalo coach. "Not me," moaned Atlanta Coach Boom-Boom Geoffrion. "I saw enough already."

For Perreault and the Sabres, their smart early-season performances resemble an instant replay of 1972-73, when they startled the NHL's Old Guard by making the Stanley Cup playoffs in only their third year of operation. But, says

continued



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Jim Schoenfeld, the 22-year-old captain and chief bodyguard for the French Connection, "we'd all like to forget last season. We had 20 guys playing 20 different ways for 20 different reasons. We also had a dozen cop-outs to explain why we played so lousy. To be honest, we didn't have any heart."

Schoenfeld missed most of last season because of surgery on his back. Perreault sat out eight weeks with a broken leg, and Right Wing Larry Mickey broke both his legs. Goaltender Roger Crozier commuted between the rink and the hospital, suffering from repeated attacks of pancreatitis. And veteran Defenseman Tim Horton was killed in a mid-season automobile accident. During these tribulations, Joe Crozier, the coach at the time, was openly feuding with General Manager Punch Imlach.

In reconstructing the Sabres, Imlach traded and drafted for defensemen who stood at least six feet tall and weighed no less than 200 pounds. "We're all big enough to play in the NBA," says Schoenfeld, who goes 6'2", 210. Since Schoenfeld is sidelined again, this time with a broken bone in his right foot, the biggest and baddest Buffalo defenseman is 6'3", 220-pound Jerry Korab, who is called Kong, as in King.

The French Connection receives further support from a sort of kamikaze line and the so-called ascetics. The line—Wingers Brian Spencer and Rick Dudley and Center Jim Lorentz—displays neither fear nor mercy in the corners. Spencer, who claims he killed and skinned a bear when he was 12, wears a leather hat that looks as though it came off the jacket of Arlo Guthrie's latest album, while Dudley wears an Indian headband on his search-and-destroy missions.

Important as these tough customers are, the ascetics, men of simple tastes and small publicity, may be more so. Their names are Don Luce and Craig Ramsay, and you will never find them on an All-Star team, though Luce was voted the Sabres' MVP last year. They team with rookie Danny Gare, 20, who doesn't have to shave yet, to form Buffalo's third line, but they also kill penalties and check the opposition's most dangerous line. "Whenever we get in trouble," says Schoenfeld, "they go out on the ice."

Luce's stick is probably the heaviest in hockey, and he wields it much like a club on his opponent's legs. "I'm not a gifted player," he says, "but I know that if I work hard I can get the job done." Luce wears contact lenses and a helmet during his battles with the Bobby Clarkes and Phil Espositos of the world. "I was kayoed when I played for Detroit, and I was kayoed again last year," he says. "They claim the third K.O. is the worst, and there's no way I'm going to be kayoed the third time."

When he arrived in Buffalo in 1971, Luce was considered a stick-in-the-mud because of his straitlaced nature. "We became a good hockey club," he says, "only when the other guys began to accept each man for what he was. I knew what they thought of me, but they never knew what I thought of them. Maybe I thought they were a bunch of bums."

Ramsay played all last season without spending even one second in the penalty box, a marvelous accomplishment for a checker assigned to harass the opposition's biggest gunners every night. He worries that his career may be interrupted any day for an operation, his lower back is so tender he cannot walk more than a quarter of a mile without stopping for rest. "It doesn't bother me that much on the ice," he says. "Strange."

The ascetics and the kamikazes seem to have infused the French Connection with their spirit and aggressiveness. Martin now even back-checks and visits the corners. Robert was ejected from the game in Atlanta after an altercation with rugged Defenseman Pat Quinn. Whatever the reasons, Perreault and Martin rank among the NHL's top five in the scoring race and the French Connection has connected for 42 goals in just 22 games.

Contemplating the wonders of that line, Coach Smith has ordered the Sabres to forgo the team's former close-checking style and concentrate on the attack. "Checking hockey basically is boring hockey," he says. At the same time, Smith no doubt realizes that Buffalo will not win many games strictly on goaltending. Bromley, a rookie who weighs about 160 pounds in full uniform, looks shaky on his best nights. His backup man, Crozier, recently returned from retirement and will work no more than 25 games.

How well Crozier performs may determine just how formidable the Sabres are. "We're no joke," Schoenfeld insists. "Laugh at us and we'll wipe the smile off your face." The Montreal Canadiens were not laughing when Crozier beat them 6–4 Sunday night. END

Moto-Bike: For tough kids.



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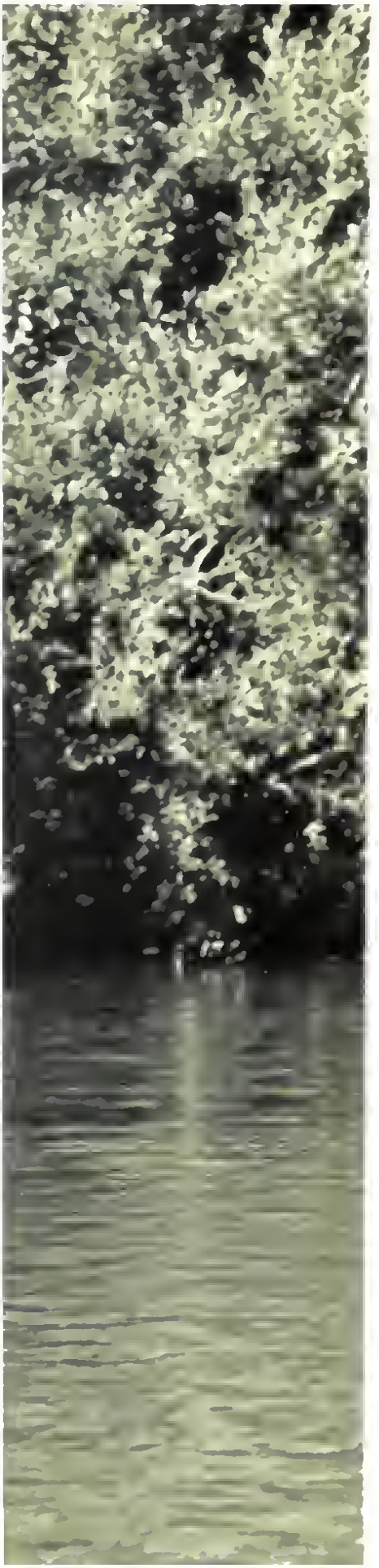
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The Moto-Bike, from Yamaha.





If you drive north from San Francisco on the Redwood Highway, you pass through the alluvial landscape of Marin and southern Sonoma Counties quickly and come upon the broad Santa Rosa plain with its scattered oaks, rows of eucalyptus and occasional evergreens. The road parallels the Russian River near Cloverdale, slicing through lush vineyards, and then the mountains rise sharply in ever-thickening stands of fir and redwood. Beyond Willits you begin to drop into the implacable Eel River Canyon, where northern California really begins.

One night some years ago I sped up this road at 80 mph in a newly acquired Citroen sedan. The trees stood blackly against a lucent sky, the highway reflectors blasted by in continuing scintillas, reflecting my eagerness to reach the Smith River and join Bill Schaadt for a week of salmon fishing. I twisted through the Prairie Creek groves, careened irresponsibly around a log truck and pressed into the dark. When I finally shut the Citroen off, it exhaled and settled in the manner of its breed and the metal tinked and creaked with relief. Schaadt's trailer was dark. All was silent except for the distant sounds of the mill away to the north in the town of Smith River.

Suddenly there was a squeal of tires and spray of gravel as a green Plymouth skidded into the narrow road and veered in beside the trailer. The door flew open, and Bill Schaadt came striding out, manic and thrashing.

"When you get in?"

"Minute ago."

"You hit it! Look."

He opened the car trunk to reveal three immense king salmon, the smallest of which would weigh at least 35 pounds.

Inside the trailer it was warm and familiar. Fly lines hung from pegs and flytying tools lay on a shelf cluttered with boxes of flies. Half a dozen rods were tied to the ceiling.

continued

the world's best

by russell chatham

BILL SCHAADT IS A SIGN PAINTER, BUT HIS TRUE ART IS DISPLAYED ON THE RIVERS OF THE WEST, WHERE HE WIELDS A FLY ROD LIKE NO MAN ALIVE

Schaadt began making coffee as he recounted his day with infinite and dramatic detail. His hands soared about the cramped enclosure like bats as his gestures of casting, hooking and fighting many large fish made the events come alive.

His eyes would focus on imagined water somewhere beyond the bed. Transported, he would turn to follow the progress of his line downstream until a salmon took, then he would outline the peculiarities of the struggle as he battled the lunging monster to a standstill near the sink. Once again I was under the spell of the only man I know whose every thought, action and possession is a cohesive, unified extension of himself, like the spokes of a wheel coming into contact with the encompassing rim.

My childhood was characterized by two obsessions: painting and fishing. The first was a rather private deviation, part of the family tradition. The second manifested itself in the form of a large account at the local sport shop.

My cousin and I spent part of each summer in his parents' cabin on the Russian River. It was during our first shad season in the early '50s that we started hearing of a fisherman named Bill Schaadt. The name is pronounced "shad," like the fish, and not knowing at the time about the German spelling, we thought that man and fish were named alike. Besides, Schaadt is a sign painter, and his trademark SHAD SIGNS appears on all his work.

In the Russian River resort area there are numerous billboards along the roads. Everywhere we went there was a SHAD sign, and the work was distinctive. You could spot it easily from a distance, and it was always a thrill to discover a new one. One year Schaadt repainted all the store fronts in the town of Guerneville, leaving behind to the citizenry an open-air gallery of his art.

When we went fishing on the Russian River we would often be asked: "Have you seen Bill Schaadt?" An article appeared by the venerable Ted Trueblood telling about the new sport of fly-fishing for shad on the Russian, and in it Schaadt figured impressively, further fueling our imaginings about the man. We began to stalk Schaadt, who at the time drove a distinctive 1937 black Dodge that he had elaborately striped. After a time he was forced to hide his car and take other measures to avoid people like us who followed him, primarily hoping he would lead them to fish.

But my cousin and I were not particularly interested in being led toward good fishing. In fact, it would have been an embarrassment. For us, Schaadt himself was the subject of the quest. When we would see his car parked along the river, we would stop and peer through the trees searching for the solitary figure who practiced the art of fly-fishing so dynamically. He was our hero.

One spring much later, I was shad fishing on the Russian with a friend who was older and had known Schaadt for years. "I think you should meet Bill," he said. "Let's go down to Monte Rio."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG



His big king salmon shows why Schaadt is the king of the river.

I looked forward to the meeting with unabashed excitement. We pulled up in front of a small house set back against the hill beneath a massive oak tree. In front were numbers of boats and old cars. The yard was full of lumber and signs, some finished, some in various states of completion and some discarded. From beneath a canvas awning where he had been working, a tall, dark, curly-haired man ambled forward to greet us. His manner was guarded. Then he offered his immense hand, and the legend had come to life.

It was long before dawn but Schaadt was moving around the trailer with a sense of urgency. He had already dressed, shaved and made coffee.

"Not much time," he said sternly as he whisked a frying pan onto the stove and began fixing bacon and potatoes. While these cooked he made us both a lunch of leftover chicken, cheese, apples, cookies and a thermos of coffee. In moments the table was folded out, toast made, plates heated and eggs fried. I knew better than to offer assistance. In more than a decade and a half of fishing with Schaadt he has always cooked the breakfast and seen to it that I had a lunch, not because I couldn't do these things for myself but because he is organized to do them more quickly. On rare occasions helping with the dishes is permitted.

Over coffee, Schaadt was like a general mapping out a campaign. We would fish the Early Hole, at the time the finest pool on the river with its 100-foot depths and mysterious grottos. The road into the Early was private, and only by promising he would not bring anyone else did Schaadt himself have access.

"My boat's already there," he said. "We'll take your boat on my car around to the Walker Hole and row down. After today we'll walk in from the other side, and no one will know how you got in. I've got another boat down at the Bailey Hole big enough for both of us if we decide to fish there later."

Bursting out of the trailer, he rummaged in his car for rope

continued

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while I untied my boat. We lifted it onto his racks and Schaadt lashed it down. As we drove along the narrow North Bank Road at an intimidating speed, I thought about the time Schaadt had rolled his car over down on the Eel. He crawled out, dragging his fly rod with him, and hiked to the spot he had chosen on the river. It was not until that night, the fishing over, that he summoned help to right his car.

It was still dark when we turned onto the rutted road that angled through immense redwood groves to the river. Within moments after we arrived Schaadt had wrested the boat off the car single-handed. Upriver the sky was beginning to lighten as we rowed the slow stretch from the Walker to the Early Hole. "Easy! Easy now," he cautioned as we neared the pool. "Fish were in the top end yesterday."

He lowered an anchor and I did the same in my boat so we were both in position to cover the water. Some time passed without a strike or a fish showing. Then, some distance below us, in the deepest part of the hole, a big salmon erupted against the surface. We drifted down. Our anchors hit bottom at 30 feet, and in the full light of dawn you could see them sitting down there at the ends of the lines.

Within a few minutes Schaadt hooked a salmon. It was a smallish fish, no more than 15 pounds, and he slipped his fingers under the gills to bring it to the side of the boat. In the next few hours he caught half a dozen more, including one beautiful bright male over 40 pounds.

"Using lead?" he finally said to me.

I nodded.

"You must be going under them," he said. "I've taken some of the lead out of my line in sections so I don't go too deep. Plastic sinks too slow and plain lead line too fast. Here, try this."

He tossed me a line wrapped around a piece of cardboard that I substituted for the one I was using. Lead core line is often a necessity in fly-fishing for salmon, but it is a specialized piece of equipment and difficult to manage. Schaadt carries a variety which sink at different rates. Taking pieces of lead out in sections is only one of his inventions. He has also made a line he calls "the cable" by removing all the wire from a 30-foot section and substituting .30 lead fuse wire. This line weighs close to 800 grains, whereas the heaviest fly line on the standard scale weighs only 380 grains. Some

water on the Smith River is so fast that only this big line will cut through it, and since Schaadt is the only one who has such a line and the only one with skill enough to cast it, there are places where only he can fish.

With the borrowed line I soon had a strike, and drifted over to the cliff to play the fish. Here a rock projection formed a right angle to the current, and the resulting swirl had dug a pocket more than 90 feet deep. As I played the salmon straight up and down, I could feel him going into underwater caves, sawing the line on sharp rock.

Finally the line snagged, so I took the boat far back into the corner, and the line came free with the fish still on. I stepped out of the boat and onto a tiny outcropping just large enough for my feet. Then I turned to see the boat drifting away, leaving me stranded.

The morning sun slanted into the clear water where I watched my salmon twisting far below. He looked about six inches long. As I worked him up he became a foot long, then two, three and finally close to four, wallowing at my feet. But now I was in more trouble. If I leaned over, my backside would hit the wall and I would be swimming in the Smith. All I could do was reach sideways and grab. I was caught by my salmon.

"What the hell are you doing over there?" Schaadt shouted.

Knowing he would have to help me, I was mortified. Asking Bill Schaadt to stop fishing was unthinkable, but I couldn't move a muscle.

"I'm stuck," I said.

"Be right over." He laughed.

He took my 45-pound fish into his boat with a powerful sweep and I toppled in beside it. We retrieved my boat and started fishing again.

After a while he looked at me and said, "If you hook another one, take it to the beach."

Angling is not really a competitive sport. In fishing contests and tournaments the winners never prove themselves to be the best fishermen. And what does it matter who the best fisherman is, and how could this be determined if it were important? Most anglers who place a high value on their activity are contemptuous of the competitive approach and look upon the "experts" with grave suspicion. Serious angling attracts an inordinate number of boobs. The reason could be that it is entirely possible to become widely known as an authority strictly on the basis of fiction, luck or hearsay.

It may be accurate to say that if golf were to be likened to fishing, the hole would have to be a living thing with an appetite and a temperament that varied widely from green to green and course to course. The golfer would then try to tempt the hole to accept his ball by perhaps alternately shooting a MacGregor Tourney, Titleist or Dunlop Maxfli. It would often turn out that no matter how crafty the golfer, the hole might simply eye the ball suspiciously, then sidle away. Or the hole might even charge from the green into the rough, root around in the

continued



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Mazda
Hmmmmm

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.



underbrush and grab the ball, whereupon the most inept player would have shot a hole in one. And some holes might gain a reputation for being especially difficult, as in fly-fishing for permit, and would be eagerly sought after by a certain class of golfer interested in esthetics and hardship no matter how high a score they shot.

There are a lot of myths surrounding fly-fishing and its attendant difficulties. Surely the percentage of excellent casters among fly-fishermen is lower than the same level of competence found in most other sports. Perhaps this is because the rewards are private. Put a few hundred grand on the line and no doubt some very cool hands would begin appearing at the casting tournaments.

The Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club in San Francisco is famous for having produced many great casters. I spent a lot of time there when I was younger, and while my abilities never progressed much beyond high mediocre, I did gain a very clear idea of what can and cannot be done with a fly rod. You cannot, for example, stand in the stern of a flats skiff and cast a tarpon fly a hundred feet into the wind. No matter who you are.

Bill Schaadt has more physical ability and coordination than any fisherman I have ever known. I am often embarrassed to cast alongside him because he is so superior. Jon Tarantino, until his death last year, was considered by many to be the greatest distance flycaster who ever lived. He was the only man clearly the equal of Schaadt.

Schaadt's tackle is inexpensive and shabby. He uses one-piece fiber-glass rods fitted with rough thick handles and with guides that are crudely lashed to the rod. His equipment would shock an Abercrombie & Fitch salesman. In spite of this, everything Schaadt uses functions smoothly. There is no naivete in its preparation or application.

Most well-known anglers have gained their fame by catching large fish, and Schaadt has caught more big steelhead and salmon than any man who ever lived. Included is a 56½-pound king salmon, the largest ever landed on a fly, but this does not seem to be the criterion by which to best judge his merit as an angler. His overall sense of understanding, deep love of the natural world, energetic effort and his style are the qualities that set him apart from his contemporaries. "We're in the bucket!" Schaadt exclaimed, lacing another cast over the Early Hole.

The intensity with which he fishes is inspiring. He began to eat his lunch one-handed. He would cast, then in the several seconds it took for the line to sink, he would take a quick bite of a sandwich, set it down and retrieve the fly, cast again, take another bite. He fishes from dawn to dark with no stops in between for food or conversation. One time he was fishing a run so wide he had to wade within two inches of the top of his chest-high waders and then make 100-foot casts. Realizing this effort was far too strenuous to maintain for long, he went up to the car and brought down his sign painter's step ladder, which he then carried out to where he had been wading. He climbed up on it and fished in comfort. And when Schaadt arises tomorrow or the next day, or next year, it will be with the same enthusiasm for fishing that he had 20 years ago. When he hooks a fish he often screams and yells. Fishermen nearby who don't know him figure, "Boy, that must be the first one that guy ever caught."

Fishing slowed to a standstill under the brightness of midday, but Schaadt did not think of taking a break. Instead, knowing salmon were still milling in the pool, he tied on a 20-foot leader with a light tippet and a No. 10 fly, hoping to get a take from the reticent fish. Strain your imagination and visualize this outrageous tackle behaving perfectly in the air, landing in an immaculate turnover with the nearly invisible fly extending itself to the end of that unlikely leader.

An hour of casting produced nothing. When I reeled in to eat lunch, Schaadt threw me an accusing stare. He reeled in his line with blinding speed, wrenched his anchor up and began churning toward the corner.

"Sometimes they go back in here during the middle of the day," he said, surging across the pool. He backed up his boat against the cliff and tied it to a rock. I was not paying close attention as I ate my lunch. Soon I became aware of something peculiar going on. Schaadt was making long casts, but this did not seem possible because his back was to a high cliff. I began watching intently. I could see violent slashing motions, water flying everywhere, then an incredible drive that seemed to miraculously lift the line into the air, sending it out a full 80 feet. He was making a kind of roll cast. Every fly-fisherman learns to roll cast as a means of bringing a sunken line to the surface or simply making a very short throw when there is no room for a backcast. But this was something far beyond that. Schaadt had discovered a method of building line speed with a series of circular lifts while keeping a precise amount of drag on the front of the line, which remained in the water. On the final lift, line was allowed to sag slightly to the rear so that the double haul could be used. Ultimately a tremendous drive forward and a strong pull with the left hand lifted the shooting head cleanly into the air, putting a point on it to deliver a fishable cast.

I've practiced this in the years since that day on the Smith, never fully admitting to Schaadt I could not manage what to him was a routine cast. I get about two-thirds of his distance. Nor have I ever met another fisherman who has mastered the cast.

Schaadt moved to the Russian River from San Francisco in the mid-'40s and took a job in a garage in Guerneville. He loved the river so much he bought a lot in the tiny town of Monte Rio and built himself a place. Unable to tolerate the restrictions of regular employment, he took up sign painting and opened the only shop in the area.

In a resort community all effort is directed at the summer trade, so Schaadt would be busy during the late spring and summer painting signs and have the fall and winter off—the best time for fishing.

When I first met him I was interested in learning the sign painter's trade, and spent a lot of time at a sign shop near my home. I soon realized I had neither the hand nor the patience for the work, but I never tired of watching Schaadt. His natural ability gives his work swing, as it is called in the business, which means that his letters and words move well together.

Suppose he was painting the word REAL ESTATE, the final effect of which was to be a casually vigorous script. Using a wide, square-tipped sable brush called a greyhound, Schaadt might first cut in the letter E in the word REAL. Then he might do the L. From there he might go to the last E in ESTATE, while next would come the first T of the same word.

Until the last few minutes the whole thing might more closely resemble an ab-

continued

stract expressionist painting than a sign. The reason for working this way is that the air, or space, between the letters is as important as the letters themselves. Many signwriters use this system, but few with Schaadt's flair.

Schaadt was raised in San Francisco and briefly attended San Francisco Junior College (now City College of San Francisco) but lost patience. Once he showed me a sketchbook with a few nudes he had done that appeared to be studies after Rubens, but he seemed to have little interest in them. He is not the contemplative type. His day is filled with a multiplicity of projects. His cars alone are more than an ordinary person could handle. There always seem to be about three in his yard that run and at least that many that do not. These are usually in the process of being rebuilt.

Similarly, six or eight boats are stored on the rack just inside his yard. Some of these need annual attention and there is inevitably some newly acquired craft being rebuilt or fiber glassed.

The sewing machine is one of his most frequently used tools. Schaadt remakes all the upholstery for the cars, sews leather, awnings, tarps, and keeps his own extensive wardrobe in tidy repair. It is typical that while doing some mending he will get carried away and begin embroidering designs or maybe his name on a garment.

A few years ago he built a handsome and serviceable workshop in his yard. As might be expected, he split the redwood shakes that cover it himself. Inside the shop, leaning against the walls as well as tied to the rafters, are an astonishing number of bicycles. There are motorcycles and scooters, too, some of which Schaadt built. He is a bike freak, selling and trading them, and he can be prevailed upon to repair them—if the pleas for such aid are properly delivered.

Once he and I were standing in his yard talking when there was a clatter of young sounds outside the gate.

"Schaadt," a tiny voice called out. "Hey, Schaadt!"

"Shhhh," Schaadt whispered. "Quiet, they'll beat it."

"Schaadt! Hey, Schaadt! Jimmy's bike broke on the front. Can you fix it, Schaadt?"

"Damn!" Schaadt said. He swung open the gate and half a dozen kids swarmed in. Schaadt was all friendliness, and 20 minutes of hard work fixed the bike. The group rode off.

"Damn kids," Schaadt said, fooling nobody.

Bill Schaadt has been the one constant factor in California's coastal fishing over the last quarter of a century. He has rarely missed a single fall or winter's day on the water in all that time. He used to go to the Klamath in September and stay until the lower Eel got good, and when that was rained out he would go back home and fish the Russian all winter. But the California fishery is almost a thing of the past. In 1956 Schaadt landed between 650 and 700 steelhead in the Russian. Fishing the same number of hours

continued

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When used routinely, Desenex provides continuing protection against fungous infection.



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world's best *continued*

today he would feel lucky to catch 20.

The only really prime stream left in California is the Smith River, which is located in the extreme northwestern corner of the state. It remains undammed, its drainages have not yet been too badly spoiled by logging and it runs an exceptionally large strain of both steelhead and salmon. Today Schaadt confines almost all of his fishing to this river. He takes his small trailer up from Monte Rio early in the fall and stays until the heavy winter rains make fishing impossible.

His knowledge of the river, and especially of its salmon, has reached the profound. Much of what he does is so obscure that only the most advanced fisherman could detect it. On the other hand, the essential thing he does is so simple it is inclined to be overlooked: he fishes the longest and the hardest.

Not only that, he fishes the longest and the hardest in the most productive spots One verity in this type of fishing is that there is almost always a best place. Each hole has its "bucket," and when fish are holding they will favor one hole or another. It is axiomatic that Schaadt will be in the best place in the best hole.

This is one reason many people do not like Bill Schaadt. He does not view the situation democratically. He feels that if he is willing to get up every morning at 3:30 in order to plant his feet or his boat in the precise location of his choosing, then he is entitled to fish there forever—or as long as he does not leave. And he does not leave until dark.

One day last fall a group of us were fishing a certain pool. You could get your fly into the salmon from any one of half a dozen positions, but there was one prime spot and Schaadt was in it every day. Since people gravitate toward him, the pool was becoming more and more crowded and Schaadt was having to get up earlier each morning to be sure of fishing exactly where he wanted.

One morning he got down to the river about 4:30 to find a spin fisherman in his spot. The man had been watching Schaadt the day before, and had gotten up unreasonably early (more unreasonably early than Schaadt in this case) and arrived at the river first.

All morning Schaadt worked around the spin fisherman, whose technique left much to be desired. The rest of us could see the frustration building as the spin fisherman flung his bait fecklessly

continued

Based on published E.P.A. fuel economy figures, a V-6 Buick Skylark can wring up to 504 highway miles out of a single 21-gallon tank of gas. And 336 miles in city driving.

In dynamometer tests recently published by the federal government's Environmental Protection Agency, a Buick Skylark equipped with a 3 8-litre V-6 got 24 miles per gallon on the highway test And 16 miles per gallon in the city test Now Multiply that by the standard 21-gallon capacity of Skylark s gas tank, and you've got a car that s capable of traveling up to 504 highway miles and 336 city miles on a single tank of gas

	EPA Test Mileage	×	Fuel tank Capacity	=	Range (miles)
City	16		21		336
Highway	24		21		504

Naturally, the mileage you get depends on where and how you drive Nevertheless, Skylark s performance in these tests was impressive

What makes all this economy really interesting is that Skylark s engine is no ordinary six cylinder engine

It's a Vee-six The cylinders are arranged in a vee instead of a straight line Which results in a shorter, more compact power plant

Carburetion is efficient The engine itself is lighter than our straight six And the horsepower is greater than that of our straight six (By the way like all Buick engines the V-6 is built to use non-leaded fuel only)

One more thing Buick's Skylark shares GM s Maximum Mileage System with all the other 1975 Buicks A system that represents the most advanced engineering and technology Buick can offer for 1975

The System consists of steel belted radial tires – which offer lower rolling resistance than conventional tires and therefore contribute to fuel economy It consists of a catalytic converter – which handles emissions, yet has enabled the engine to be tuned for good fuel economy And the System consists of High-Energy Ignition – which means you have no points or ignition condenser to replace

The neat thing about all that penny-pinching efficiency is that it s gone into an automobile that s anything but a dowdy sedan

Skylark is a beautifully styled, generously appointed, smooth riding, and generally well thought-out automobile

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And we think that makes Skylark s excellent showing in the EPA tests just that much more impressive



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time and again into the choicest water. After some hours he finally hooked a salmon, which took him several hundred yards down the pool. Meantime Schaadt slid into the spot to get himself a little fishing.

Of course, after landing his fish the spinner came back and stood for a moment behind Schaadt. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I think that's my spot."

"Yes," Schaadt said. "It is your spot, and I'm moving. But let me tell you something. To ever get this spot again, you're going to have to get down here at midnight!"

The man's eyes widened.

"And another thing. If you leave this spot today to eat lunch, when you come back you're going to be out. Do you understand that? Out! Out, out, out, out, out, out, out, out, out, out, out, out . . . !" And he gave the man about 50 outs, all the while gesturing like an umpire calling a player safe at first.

A silver dusk was settling on the Early Hole. I was weary from a long and fishless afternoon. My casting had become more like halfhearted throwing, and I would have been glad to quit right then.

Schaadt stood eagerly in the stern of his boat making the same long, graceful casts he had in the first light of dawn. If anything, he was more intense than he had been. I think toward evening he becomes impatient with nature because the night shuts things down and he has to go home and sleep a while before he can fish some more. When we were in the Florida Keys together, where much fishing is done at night, he fished all day and all night, catching little 15-minute naps like Thomas Edison used to do when he was working in his laboratory.

"It's grab time," Schaadt stated with perfectly unwarranted enthusiasm.

We fished until it was pitch-dark and the salmon started to roll, but we caught nothing. I reeled in, pulled my anchor and started rowing back.

Bill took his regular fly off, replacing it with a large black one, made a cast, then pulled his anchor and began rowing slowly out of the pool.

"Got one!" I heard him yell somewhere in the dark. I rowed back, and he was all excited and laughing.

"Thought I'd troll out," he said. "You see, it's never too late!" **END**



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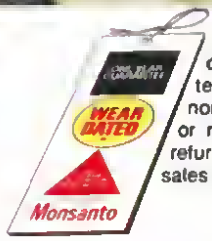
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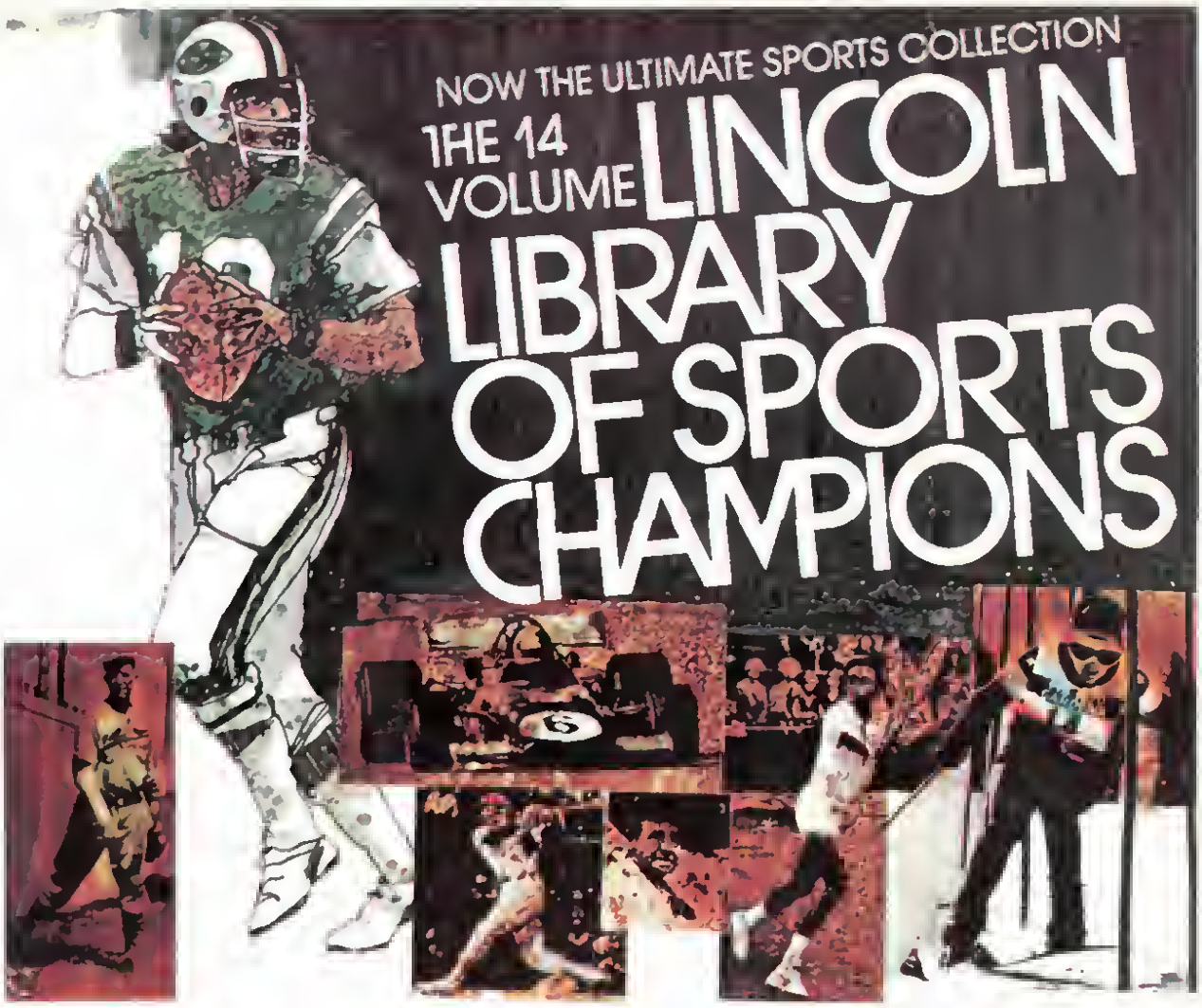
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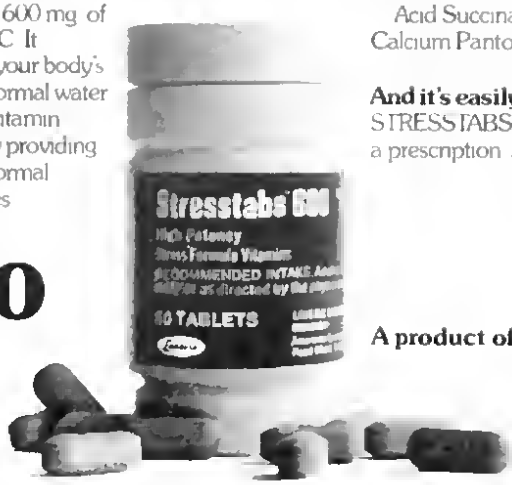
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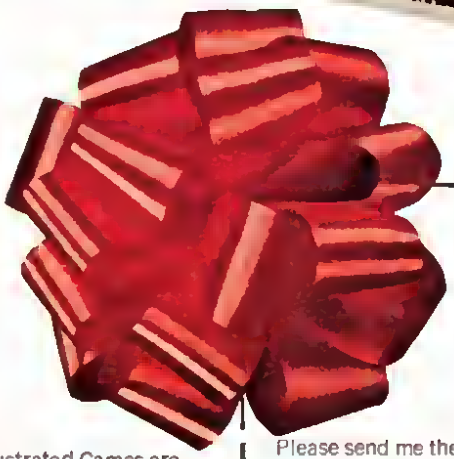
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 18–24

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Milwaukee's Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Boston's Dave Cowens have returned Abdul-Jabbar made his season debut at *Madison Square Garden* where his team had lost nine straight times over three years And the Knicks were on a five-game win streak But the Bucks prevailed 90–72 with Kareem scoring 17 points Cowens' inspired play led the Celtics to a 95–94 win over Phoenix Buffalo rolled to its 11th straight victory and led the Atlantic by four games New York beat Washington 86–85 while Washington the Central leader, beat Portland for its lone victory Second-place Houston had a win, too, over Cleveland, which was only a game behind the Rockets. Atlanta allowed New Orleans its second victory of the season and the first for the Jazz' new coach, Bill Van Breda Kolff In the Midwest, Detroit, K C - Omaha and Chicago were all at .500 while Milwaukee, with a mere four wins, was only 4½ games behind Seattle beat Portland 117–110 behind Fred Brown's *40 points Los Angeles moved out of the* cellar, leaving it to Phoenix Golden State had three victories

ABA While dissatisfied St. Louis rookie Marvin Barnes wandered aimlessly around the country, another rookie, Bobby Jones of Denver, roamed successfully around the courts Against Virginia, Jones sank a rebound follow shot that put the Western leaders ahead for good in a 115–110 victory Against Indiana, Jones tallied 29 points—and the Nuggets had a 4-0 week and led San Antonio by two games Barnes did play in a 99–93 loss to Utah, but was held to 13 points by Moses Malone The Stars won three, including a 111–110 overtime thriller from Eastern leader Kentucky In the Colonels' lone win, against Indiana, Artis Gilmore had 32 points and 28 rebounds Second-place New York won two, lost two. Virginia beat Memphis, which failed to notch a win The Spurs won three times and San Diego had two victories, with Travis Grant scoring 34 points against Kentucky

BOATING—BROOM HILDA, a Ranger-37 sloop, skippered by Guido Mortarotti of Beverly Hills, Calif., was the overall and Class D winner of the 1,032-mile Los Angeles-to-Mazatlan yacht race in the corrected time of seven days and 19½ hours

BOXING—Brooklyn's VITO ANTUOFERMO, 22, won a 10-round decision over Emile Griffith in a middleweight bout, at Madison Square Garden

Nicaragua's ALEXIS ARGUELLO won the WBA featherweight title from Mexico's Ruben Olivares *with a 13th-round KO, in Los Angeles*

CHESS—ANATOLY KARPOV of Russia defeated Viktor Korchnoi, three wins to two, with 19 draws, to become the official challenger for Bobby Fischer's world chess championship

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL Los Angeles delighted 90,266 fans, the biggest crowd in the league in 15 years, with a 20–17 come-from-behind victory over Minnesota to clinch a tie for the NFC West title Quarterback Jim Harris capped nine straight completions with an eight-yarder to Jack Snow for the deciding touchdown Late Miami mistakes gave New York a 17–14 victory, the Jets' third in a row. The Dolphins are now tied again for the AFC East lead with Buffalo, a 15–10 winner over Cleveland Bob Griese's *13th pass interception of the season, this one* by Roscoe Word, hurt Miami, as did a roughing-the-kicker penalty with 1:46 left O J Simpson rushed for one touchdown and John Leypoldt booted two field goals for the Bills St. Louis guaranteed itself at least a share of the NFC East crown by beating the New York Giants 23–21 on a *Jim Bakken field* goal with three seconds to play Washington stayed close to the Cardinals, lashing Philadelphia 26–7. A Giant reject, Larry Jones, returned a kickoff 102 yards to ignite the Redskins Oakland (*page 28*), which had backed into the AFC West title, lost to Denver 20–17. Cincinnati, behind NFL passing leader Ken Anderson, dissected Kansas City 33–6, keeping the heat on AFC Central leader Pittsburgh. Dallas ended Houston's four-game win streak 10–0, and kept its playoff hopes alive New England regained *its earlier form*, beating Baltimore 27–17 Green Bay and Detroit stayed tied for second behind Minnesota in the NFC Central The Packers blanked San Diego 34–0 and Detroit beat the Bears 34–17 San Francisco walloped Atlanta 27–0.

WFL The playoffs began Florida beat Philadelphia 18–3 and Hawaii downed the Southern California Sun 32–14 Memphis and Birmingham had byes Christopher B Hemmeter, co-owner of the Hawaiians, was named president of the league, taking over executive control from Donald Regan, who had succeeded Gary Davidson, the WFL's founder But Hemmeter's Hawaiians were being sued by the University of California regents for $10,107 for use of the Riverside campus facilities during the training season And three Sun players Kermit Johnson, Booker Brown and James McAlister—failed to show up for the playoff game with Hawaii, claiming they were free agents because the team had violated their contracts by failing to pay them on schedule.

GOLF—SOUTH AFRICA, led by individual champion BOBBY COLL, won the World Cup, in Caracas.

HARNESS RACING—HANDLE WITH CARE, a filly driver by Peter Haughton, blazed to a 1:54⅘-mile in the $59,165 Western Pace at Hollywood Park, equaling the fastest mile ever for a 3-year-old pacer

HOCKEY—NHL Buffalo, atop the Adams Division, picked up two more wins—shutting out Atlanta 4–0 and topping Washington 7–3—and tied the Flames 4–4 Boston had three wins Early in the week Toronto President Harold Ballard told his players they should be ashamed to walk the streets. The Maple Leafs shamed themselves further with three losses California lost four. Smythe Division leader Vancouver picked up two wins and a tie, one victory was a 4–3 squeaker over Philadelphia, the Patrick Division leader. Chicago tied the New York Islanders and blanked Kansas City 6–0 Minnesota's two wins lifted that club into a tie for third in the Smythe with St. Louis Kansas City, with three more losses, remained in the cellar In the Patrick, the Flyers split two to maintain their lead, second-place Atlanta held steady with a win, loss and tie and the New York Islanders moved past the Rangers once more into third The Canadiens crept closer to Los Angeles in the Norris Division, though the Kings held them to a 3–3 tie L A has eight ties this season, the most in the league Pittsburgh's week ended 2-1-1, Detroit's 0-3 and Washington's 1-2

WHA The New England Whalers, runaway leaders in the East, added four wins At the bottom of the division, Chicago thought a change was in order switched from yellow pants to green, and had a 2-2 week Indianapolis went winless all week in old clothes as did Cleveland In the West second-place San Diego toppled first-place Houston 4–3 Phoenix lost to last-place Michigan, the Stags' only victory of the week. Minnesota also won a game and stayed out of the cellar In the Canadian Division, fourth-place Edmonton had three wins, one over first-place Toronto It was the Toros' only loss of the week Quebec was hit with its first defeat at home, 7–1 to Minnesota Winnipeg was 1-2 and last-place Vancouver dropped three more

HORSE RACING—LAND GIRL ($65.20), Jacinto Vasquez up, was an upset winner of the one-mile Demoiselle Stakes at Aqueduct. The odds-on favorite, Aunt Jin, finished seventh

HORSE SHOW—The U.S. won the team title at the Royal Horse Show in Toronto, with individual winner Dennis Murphy and Rodney Jenkins leading the way France was second.

TENNIS—Guillermo Vilas of Argentina beat Spain's Manuel Orantes in the Argentine Open at Buenos Aires and clinched first place—worth $100,000—in the season-long Grand Prix of tennis

WATER POLO—CALIFORNIA won the NCAA championships at Long Beach, Calif., defeating the University of California at Irvine 7–6.

MILEPOSTS—MARRIED Tennis star STAN SMITH and MARJORY LOGAN GENGLER, the No. 1-ranked woman tennis player in the East in 1972, on Long Island

NAMED As Most Valuable Player in the American League, JEFF BURROUGHS, Texas Ranger outfielder Burroughs batted .301 hit 25 home runs and had a league-leading 118 *RBIs*

SOLD DELMONICA HANOVER, to Mrs. Dottie Hardy and Mrs. Ann Ryan by Delvin Miller and Arnold Hanger, for $300,000. The 5-year-old has won $709,799

TRADED In a three-way deal, Detroit Shortstop EDDIE BRINKMAN to St. Louis and San Diego First Baseman NATE COLBERT to Detroit In exchange for Colbert the Padres received Brinkman, Pitcher BOB STRAMPF and Outfielder DICK SHARON from Detroit, and dealt Brinkman to the Cards with a minor-leaguer, for Pitchers RICH FOLKERS, SONNY SIEBERT and ALAN FOSTER.

WITHDREW NORTH TEXAS STATE, from the Missouri Valley Conference effective Aug. 31, 1975.

•• CREDITS ••

22, 23—Walter Iooss Jr. Heinz Kluetmeier 24, 25—Walter Iooss Jr. 26, 27—Eric Schweikardt 28, 29—Wayne Reynolds Fred Kaplan Black Star 30—Wayne Reynolds 74—Neil Leifer 87—John D. Hanlon 107—Tim Baker

FACES IN THE CROWD



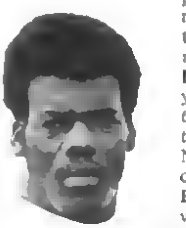
PATTY PINK, a senior at Kirksville (Mo.) High, has won 58 of 59 tennis matches, including 50 straight without losing a set. Playing No. 1 on the girls' varsity team, Patty's lone defeat came in her freshman year. She has also earned varsity letters in track and basketball.



STEVE McDONALD, senior goalie on the undefeated Loch Raven (Towson, Md.) High soccer team, led the Ravders to the state title with a 2–0 shutout over Largo High In 14 games he allowed one goal, on a penalty shot, and achieved 31 shutouts in three seasons.



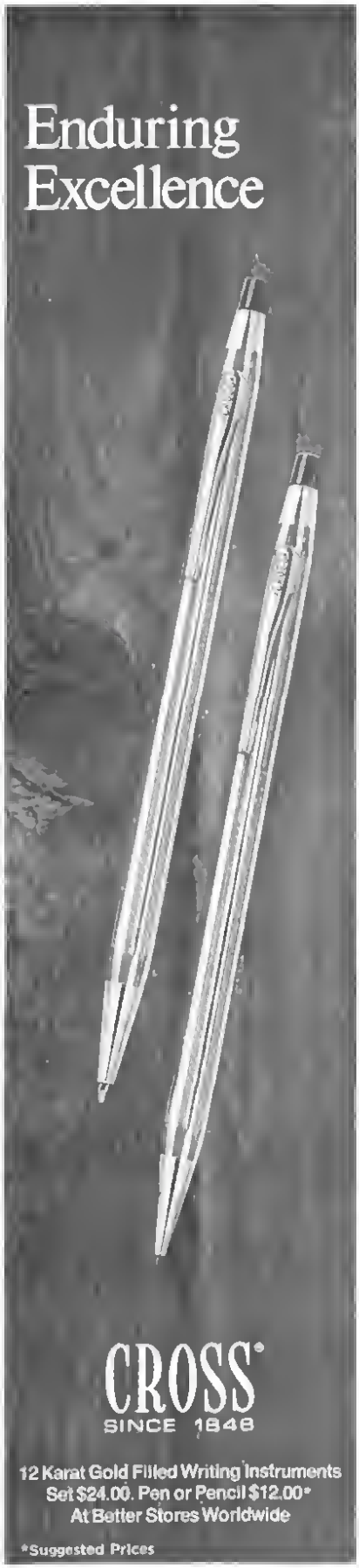
DON HARDEMAN, a senior fullback, and **LARRY COLLINS,** a freshman running back, at Texas A&I, have each rushed for more than 1,000 yards, the first time in the 43-year history of the Lone Star Conference that this has been done by teammates in the same season. Both players surpassed the 1,000-yard mark in the third quarter of the Javelinas' ninth straight victory. Hardeman averaged 7.9 yards per carry, Collins 6.8 yards, and each of them has been named NAIA offensive player of the week this season. Hardeman's game high was 202 yards and Collins' was 179.





ROBERT WILCOX, a freshman at Riverside City College, won the California State Power-lifting Championship in the 165-pound division. He raised 1,230 pounds in the bench press, dead lift and squat. He was the youngest (18) and lightest (157) of the group.

ALFRED GUIDET, 56, of California City, Calif., who holds four U.S. records in the 50-59 age group, this year ran 100 meters in 11.6, 200 meters in 24.2 and 400 meters in 56.3. In 1973 he became the first man over 50 to run 200 meters under 24 seconds, recording a 23.6.



19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

TWELFTH MAN

Sir:

I am an Ohio State fan and, unfortunately, attended the Michigan State game in East Lansing (*The Touchdown That Didn't Count*, Nov. 18). I congratulate you on your objective and honest reporting of a very confusing ending to an otherwise well-played game. I feel obliged to point out, however, that Illustrator Robert Handville has put 12 Ohio State men on the field. That *would* have made Ohio State "mightier than a Divine Presence in a face mask."

DAVID B. GILL

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Instead of *The Touchdown That Didn't Count*, your headline should have read, SI Didn't Count.

JONATHAN KAJIWARA

Honolulu

Sir:

I suggest the artist take another look at the ABC Sports videotape.

HERBERT R. ELLIS

Dayton

Sir:

You have added yet another bizarre aspect to this game.

TOM CRAMER

Eau Claire, Wis.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Sir:

Please accept my compliments on Ron Fimrite's *A Football Odyssey* (Nov. 18). This is one of the finest articles on college football I have ever had the pleasure of reading, thanks to the author's almost uncanny ability to capture the spirit and essence of the game. I have often wondered why and how a single cry of "War Eagle" could transform me into a freshman over and over again. Fimrite's description of college football as a continuum has finally given me the answer.

I feel sorry for those people who "outgrow" things such as college football. They will be old long before I will. It is nice to recapture youth, even for just a weekend.

DAVID M. PORTER

Jacksonville

Sir:

I arrived home this evening, after a long day of classes, to find my Nov. 18 issue of SI waiting for me. I flipped quickly through the pages, knowing that I had little time to read the magazine. Not only were finals rapidly approaching, but I would have to be at the stadium at 7:30 the next morning to help tack pieces of colored cardboard used for card stunts onto 10,000 bleacher seats. For some reason, however, I stopped at Ron Fimrite's article and started to read. Then I knew why.

Like Fimrite's, my initiation to college football came when I was a 9-year-old traffic boy spending my Saturdays at the University of California's Memorial Stadium. My choice of college was never really in doubt after that first game, which Cal won. I, too, am now a "Cal man," and I wonder what my future will be like. I hope that I won't have to "rediscover" college football.

Thank you, not only for reminding me of the past but for helping me appreciate the present a little bit more.

BRAD KING

Oakland

Sir:

Ron Fimrite states that the Oklahoma-Nebraska game of 1973 was "a dull and colorless conquest," stirring few emotions and generating relatively little noise in the stadium. That may have been, but it also was one of the outstanding moments of Oklahoma football history. Watching the Sooners' awesome defense play what probably was its best game, against a fine Nebraska team, was inspiring. Raucous cheering is out of place when one views the *Mona Lisa*; and the Oklahoma football team that day was a pure work of art.

LARRY L. PIATT

Salt Lake City

LOST ART

Sir:

I was pleasantly surprised to see your article on horse pulling (*Ten Tons and Then Some*, Nov. 18). My father used to recount his early days as a horse trader, owner and puller each time our family gathered on holidays or special occasions. As I read your article, many of those fond memories came back, vividly evoking thoughts of an art that has all but passed out of American life.

F. E. BEYEA

Princeton, N.J.

HEARTY EXERCISE

Sir:

I read Kenny Moore's article (*A Run for Their Money*, Nov. 4) on Dr. Kenneth Cooper and his Aerobics Center with great interest. As a physician, I must admit the evidence that fitness can protect against heart disease is far from complete, but as a believer in fitness I sympathize with Dr. Cooper's emphasis on exercise as the major key

continued



December 25, 1974

(As if you needed an excuse to be generous.)

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to the cardiac puzzle. There is indeed some interesting evidence to support this view.

Dr. Alexander Leaf of Massachusetts General Hospital has studied the living habits of various populations noted for their long life. He found that people in certain of these groups smoked, drank and ate fairly large amounts of animal fat but still lived to be 100. He suggests a key may be their hard daily work and their remarkable physical fitness. A similar suggestion comes from studies showing a much lower rate of fatal heart disease in sharecroppers as compared to sedentary workers. This occurs despite race, income and diet factors that should produce much higher rates in the former group. Again, the key seems to be exercise and physical fitness.

The next step, as Dr. Cooper points out, is to back up this evidence with specific studies and to approach the central question of how much exercise is necessary to protect against heart disease. This is a game with high stakes. Heart disease is the major killer in this country, striking down millions of men in their most productive years. I applaud Dr. Cooper's efforts to keep the fitness viewpoint before the profession and the public, and I applaud SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for recognizing this vital use of sports and exercise.

ROBERT F. MEENAN, M.D.

San Francisco

Sir:

A great article. However, you failed to mention that the man on the treadmill on page 68 was Bob Haugh, president of Overhead Door Corporation. Bob led his team to the Tyler Cup victory, outrunning executives from all over the country.

Bob, who is 52 years old, ran the two-mile course in 12:06, while his teammate, Brian Bolton, set the meet record for executives with a time of 10:03.

CHARLES E. LANHAM

Indianapolis

Sir:

Two years ago I read Dr. Kenneth Cooper's *Aerobics* and I haven't been the same since. I weigh 35 pounds less, sleep better and have more respect for my capabilities.

LARRY M. O'MALEY

Fort Wayne, Ind.

KINDLING

Sir:

While ruminating over "Winterset" (SCORECARD, Oct. 28) and waiting for March to roll around, I would like to offer these additions to Roger Angell's list of situations explained by baseball clichés:

1) How would you describe the fate of Private Eddie Slovik as he was bound and blindfolded before the firing squad? He caught it against the wall.

2) What did Tom Sawyer say to Huckle-

continued



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berry Finn as he aimed his slingshot at the ceiling of McDougal's cave? Let's shake up those bats.

3) What did the Russian executioner do to the defector from that country's bobsled team when he was returned to Russia? He hung a slider.

4) As Supreme Court Chief Justice, what did Earl Warren possess in large measure? Bench strength.

5) Prior to playing a club date, a clarinetist in Spike Jones' band polished off a bottle of his boss' 100 proof. In what condition did he show up for work? He came in with *Spike's high.*

6) In unbelievably hot, dry weather the salmon were swimming upstream to breed until the water became so shallow that the exposure to the sun drove them out of their minds. What was their only recourse? Spawn insane and pray for rain.

Oh, March and spring training, where are you?

JACK R. EKSTROM

Englewood, Colo.

Sir:

The great surgeon was operating simultaneously on a man and his boy. When it was all over, one of his instruments was missing. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I lost it in the *son.*"

PALMER TYLER

Flat Rock, N.C.

Sir:

A rustler is hanged for his crime, while the man who sold the stolen cattle goes unpunished—a case of someone swinging for the fence.

MIKE W. FISHER

Detroit

Sir:

I seem to remember a bridge party my mother and three of her friends had recently. When I walked into the room, I noticed wild bidding and a nearly empty bottle of Scotch on the table. What did I conclude? Last of the fifth and the bags were loaded.

DICK POTTS

Bellevue, Wash.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

I nominate Alvin Dark for Sportsman of the Year. He took over one of the toughest jobs in the whole country. The A's had already won two world championships under Dick Williams. With Dark, the A's won the playoffs in four games; it took Williams five in each of his two tries. Under Dark, the World Series took five games; both years under Williams the Series went to seven.

TOM LINGEL

Lafayette, Calif.

continued



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NAME

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CITY STATE ZIP

Sir.

Certainly there are many fine athletes from several different sports who merit consideration However, I don't think any one is quite as deserving as North Carolina State's incomparable basketball star David Thompson He has combined superlative ability with humility

JIM MORTON

Lancaster, S.C

Sir.

Charles O. Finley

THOMAS ED VEITCH

Normal, Ill

Sir.

There's Henry Aaron, Johnny Bench, Jimmy Wynn and Reggie Jackson But pick Al Kaline, he's the best

NICK NORDSTRAND

Alpena, Miss

Sir:

Steve Garvey

BUD VANEK

Hollister, Calif

Sir.

Joe Morgan.

DAN VANEK

Hollister, Calif

Sir:

I don't think your choice should be that difficult. Who else has dominated a sport this year like Johnny Miller? He broke the single-season money-winning record, won the first three tournaments of the season and five others.

JEFF SPROAT

Worthington, Ohio

Sir.

I think it's only fair that you choose Bruno Sammartino

PAUL FISHBEIN

Philadelphia

Sir

Since you call your award "Sportsman of the Year" and not "Superstar of the Year" the only realistic nominee is Ted Sizemore of the St. Louis Cardinals.

BOB SPRETNAK

Beaver Falls, Pa

Sir

Please consider No. 17, the man in green, John Havlicek

MIKE PAQUETTE

Amherst, N.H

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